

The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VII.

BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1879.

NO. 27

NEWS AND NOTES.

Squaws of his chiefs oft remind us,
We should pick our squaws with care;
So w. m. y not leave behind us
Half our natural crop of hair
CARL SCHURZ.

Casselton, Dakota, has erected \$25,000 worth of buildings this year.

The new addition to the Fargo Headquarters Hotel is about completed.

Congress next week Look out for a stampede from the court of the caucus king.

Joseph Cronkite was killed by an explosion last week in the Deadwood mine.

Gen. Bialy, 2d Asst. P. M. General, made \$500.00 recently in telephone stock.

The Pioneer says the First National Bank, Deadwood, has taken possession of its new building.

E. C. Whiten, late of the Dell Rapids Experiment, has recovered from his overdose of chloroform.

The Homestake, a famous Black Hills mine, has paid \$500,000 dividends during the past three years.

The Hastings & Dakota railroad has been finished to Big Stone Lake on the eastern boundary of Dakota.

A. W. Merrick, late of the Pioneer, and X. S. Burke are about starting another paper in the Black Hills.

A rich strike in quartz, the Pioneer says, has been made in the Iowa mine, Poor Man's gulch, Black Hills.

Telephone rates, the Central City Herald says, have been reduced to \$1.25 from points in the Black Hills to Chicago.

W. W. Keene, who gobbled \$149,000. funds of the Northwestern National Bank, gets seven years in Stillwater.

A large portion of Farmington, Minn., was destroyed by fire Saturday night. St. Paul and Minneapolis sent steamers to aid in checking the flames.

Capt. Baird has sold the Spotted Horse Chief, a Black Hills silver location, for one hundred thousand dollars cash.

Doctors Weddlesteadt and Stein, of Deadwood, are about to establish a German newspaper in that city the Pioneer says.

The rebel cruiser, Shenandoah, was wrecked recently in the Indian ocean. She was owned by the Sultan of Zanzibar.

A heavy snow storm recently occurred in Georgia. Fourteen inches of snow fell in New York and Pennsylvania a month ago.

Matt Carpenter is out in a letter denouncing the Chicago Tribune for lying. He publishes his communication in the Chicago Times.

The Edison telephone company having been consolidated with that of the Bell the stock has risen in value from \$120 to 1,000 per share.

A son of ex-Gov. Wise recently made the motion for admission of a colored man to practice law in the courts of Virginia. The world moves.

Haggin, Lonsberry & Co. recently paid \$800.00 for a two-fifths interest in a Black Hills gold mine, Jack Gilmer owning the remaining three-fifths.

The Rapid City Journal says Rev. J. W. Pickett was recently killed near Leadville. A stage coach in which he was riding upset and crushed him as it rolled down a precipice.

The equestrian statue of Gen. Thomas recently unveiled, cost \$60,000. Congress gave \$25,000 and a lot of money cannon which netted \$22,000. The balance was raised by private subscription.

On the day that Senator Bayard was first elected to the United States senate, his father, James A. Bayard, was re-elected to the senate, the only instance of the kind in the history of the country.

Gen. Sherman has written a letter in relation to the society of the army of the Tennessee in which he speaks of himself and others as "We old ones." He wants a society of enlisted men, also, formed.

The natives of the Sandwich Islands greet each other with, "Wano, Enama?" and then sit down on a log and keep in chorus. They think it is something sad—something like "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do this afternoon."

Mrs. Sw. Schmitz is mad again. This time because Mrs. Gen. Grant was neatly arrayed in stead of appearing in the chemise invented by the immortal Jane Jane dresses in elegant simplicity and wants the first ladies of the land to follow her example.

The Fargo Republican publishes a list of buildings erected in Fargo during the present year. The aggregate cost of same being given as \$27,929 and the total number 135. The post office cost \$4,000, and the N. P. railroad has put up buildings estimated at \$50,000.

Senator Bayard is described by a correspondent of the Boston Herald as broad shouldered, gray haired, clean shaven, muscular and fresh in color. He is exceedingly athletic, being famous in Wilmington as a pugilist and boxer. His manners are frank and kindly, his ways of speech quick and earnest.

An exchange says: "One of the prominent features of the forthcoming report of the secretary of war will be a review of the expenditures on account of the army, which have now been brought down to an ante bellum basis, and are proportionately smaller than ever before in the history of the government."

The hair of a child nine years old, at Olean, N. Y., has turned from dark auburn to snow white. A few weeks ago she saw two or three drunken men in the street and was terribly frightened. She cried for three hours, and her paroxysms of grief were well-nigh uncontrollable. Soon after her hair began to turn gray, and now it is white.

It is now claimed that the heart of the great Napoleon was eaten by rats, and that the heart of Caesar was substituted for it. The room in which the embalming process was going on being left over night, rats came in, upset the vessel containing the precious morsel and devoured it. The physicians, to avoid the charge of negligence, secured and embalmed the heart of a sheep instead.

EXCITEMENT EXTRAORDINARY

AN EVENTFUL WEEK IN THE HISTORY OF BISMARCK.

A Theatre Manager on His Muscles—The Orchestra Seduced by an Actress—Attempted Suicide—Thanksgiving—PLENTY OF FUN.

The city was, in every sense of the word, entirely "broke up" last week. Sensation followed sensation in rapid succession, but the facts have not generally been made public. Bismarck boasts of one special feature—the Opera House, with nightly entertainments. The audiences are as varied and as interesting as the performances. From the "soiled doves" in the gallery private boxes to the merchant prince in the front seats down stairs, the variety of costumes, expression and fun is truly amusing. The manager of the house is an original genius, and never fails to afford plenty of entertainment, should the opportunity offer itself, whether the acts have been previously advertised or not. He not only has the muscular requirements for this responsible position, but makes up in size what he may lack in strength. A short time since he saw fit to terminate the engagement of the VINCENT COMBINATION, after a brief engagement. This combination immediately opened up an opposition show at Champion Hall, to the intense disgust of the Opera House manager. This disgust was made apparent to Vincent through the medium of his list several times. Last Friday night the Vincent Combination gave a benefit to the Episcopal Church. Whitney being delighted with their philanthropy and liberality, it is claimed, drank one or two bottles of Reed's Tonic, which does not always have the same effect on one that it has on another. The Opera House manager, on Saturday morning, greeted his opponent with a

DOUBLE DUPLEX movement of his right arm. Complaint was made to the city authorities and the manager was taken in charge. In about half an hour, it seems that Vincent reappeared in the Opera House, and was casting insinuous slurs at some of the company, when the manager reappeared and repeated the performance of the morning. Again he was taken in charge, but was shortly released, and meeting Vincent on the street experimented with his left arm on the right side of Vincent's cheek. This was not all the trouble experienced by the manager. Friday

MISS ELLA LA RUE was accused of too much familiarity with Winters, the leader of the orchestra. La Rue stated that she had wealth enough to take both him and her to New York and accordingly they left the company. Sunday, however, they made up friends with the manager—a neat dodge to obtain their week's salary. Monday morning Miss Ella left for Chicago on the train. About ten o'clock it was discovered that Schieffmann, the pianist, and Winters had also gone, having procured a rig to take them to Sixteenth Street to take the train. New music was immediately engaged and the performances are going on just the same as ever.

THE VINCENTS were not by any means free from trouble. Saturday the city marshal gathered together such bills as he could find against the combination and presented them for payment. Having given a benefit entertainment the previous night they were short of funds, but borrowing a few dollars of the preacher, the matter was finally amicably arranged. During the controversy in front of Champion Hall, Messrs. & Co., proprietors of the hall, kept an eye on Vincent, as he was still in arrears to them. They thought as long as they kept an eye on him they would be all right, knowing that it was his intention to play at Lincoln that night. At any rate they considered the scenery up stairs as good enough security. Towards evening they went up to invoice the effects and to their amazement the hall was clear. Hechler, the treasurer of the combination, had been up there during the controversy on the side-walk, and pitched the whole business out the back window, which was loaded and taken to Lincoln. Monday Vincent came over from Lincoln and squared up all his bills, and the troupe left for the Hills.

TIRED OF THEIR LIVES. Mrs. Bertina Alexander, for two years a servant in the household of Gen. Sturgis, attempted suicide last week at the Merchants in this city. She wrote several farewell letters to friends and acquaintances and then drank of the poisonous cup. The plot was discovered, however, and the services of a physician were immediately brought to her rescue. She was disgusted with her futile attempt and begged the by-standers to let her die. She claims to have lost a sum of money, which together with the enmity of a former friend, induced her to commit the rash act. Trouble with one of the servants was the cause of her leaving Gen. Sturgis' employ. Tuesday she took the train for Jamestown, where she is now engaged in raffling off a couple of gold watches.

KITTY WANTED TO DIE. "How oft our fondest hopes decay," was strikingly illustrated last week, in the attempt of Miss Kittie Tigh, alias LeVard,

to take her life. She had mistrusted of late that the object of her dearest affections had become fickle and she sought to drown her sorrow by drinking death in the shape of a large dose of laudanum. So determined was she to "cross the river," that the combined strength of four men was insufficient to administer an antidote. The fifth came to the rescue, and with a wedge succeeded in prying open her mouth a sufficient extent to admit of cold coffee, mustard and other enemies of poison and in a few moments she was brought back from the "shining shore."

THANKSGIVING. The day was duly celebrated. There were no religious services, but doubtless every one who thought of it rendered thanks for his being, his health and his prosperity. Tom & Jerry flowed freely at the sight of a quarter of a dollar and Joe Hare's excellent plum pudding went off like buckwheat cakes with maple syrup before a hungry man. Griffin's excellent dinner bill of fare at the Merchants was followed with a grand free lunch and Charley Williams came way to the front, setting out free Thanksgiving turkey and many side dishes. Marsh and the rest were not left. Taking the city through who can say that a Bismarck man need go hungry on Thanksgiving day.

HELEN MAR WHITE.

Champion Hall To-night for the Benefit of the Episcopal Church.

The following is the programme for the entertainment:

1. Burial March of Dundee - - - ATTOUX.
2. Excelsior - - - LOXSFELLOW.
3. The Dragon's Confession - - - EMMERSON.
4. Poor Little Joe - - - ARKRIGHT.
5. Old Time Religion - - - SCRIBNER.
6. Balcony Scene - - - ROMEO AND JULIET.
7. The Picket Guard - - - ANON.
8. Centennial Boy - - - BURDETTE.
9. Rock of Ages - - - ANON.
10. I Think It's a Dream - - - ANON.

b. The Stammerer - - - ANON.

The reading commences at 8.30. Tickets can be procured at Holmback's during the day; price 75 and 50 cents. This gifted elocutionist, mentioned last week, will appear as announced above. Attention is invited to the extracts from the Boston papers, published below, from which it appears she won golden opinions east. Had space permitted flattering notices might have been added from St. Paul Wisconsin and Iowa papers. Miss White gave some readings at the Sheridan last evening to an impromptu gathering and pleased everyone present. Her entertainment this evening promises to be largely attended and none will regret the time spent.

From the Boston Daily Globe: "Miss White is a young girl, not yet out of her teens, bright with youth, freshness, and cheery sweetness. She has a merry, piquant face, and she reads the tears into your eyes, your heart into your mouth, and then crowds it back with laughter. She is a little witch, and will carry all her audiences by storm."

From the Boston Post: "Miss Helen Mar White was the leading attraction, and she contributed a variety of recitations, well calculated to win the favor of the most critical audience. She was cordially received and enthusiastically applauded."

From the Boston Daily Evening Traveller: "Miss Helen Mar White, who made an admirable first appearance here with the Amaranth Club, gave an entertainment of readings at Union Hall last evening, and made a decided hit as an elocutionist. Her selections were tests of varied powers, and her pathetic and her spirited efforts were alike nicely and discriminatingly given. Miss White's manner is most pleasing, her voice is of fine quality, and her expression judicious and meaningful."

From the Boston Daily Advertiser: "Miss Helen Mar White appeared last night in the Redpath Popular Course, at Tremont Temple, in a miscellaneous programme. She shows a marked improvement since her first appearance here. Even then she was remarkably pleasing, and the audience was enthusiastic in applause and munificent in flowers. With her gracious presence and fine powers, added to a larger experience, she will become a leading platform favorite."

School for Indian Children. The Springfield Times says: "Bishop Hare has leased and refitted the International Hotel, in which on the first of next month he will open a school for Indian boys. Arrangements have already been perfected for the pupils, who will come from the several reservations in Dakota. This enterprise is one of special interest to Springfield and of great moment to the Indians."

North Pacific Land. The North Pacific railroad company has determined to offer its lands west of the Missouri river at a uniform price of \$2.50 per acre with ten cents an acre added for surveying. Two dollars and fifty cents an acre is the government price of land. These lands are among the best agricultural lands in the United States.

The Spoils Considered. [Black Hills News] In all parts of Dakota we are unanimous upon division of territory, and now the all important question to be considered is how shall we divide? This means not alone the territory, but the spoils accruing from such division.

FREAKS OF ELECTRICITY.

THE VOICE OF THE WIRES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Sale of 25,000 Shares of N. Y. Central Stock—McCullough, of the Globe—Democrat, Nails a Lie with his Fist—Miscellaneous Notes.

N. Y. CENTRAL STOCK. ST. PAUL, Nov. 28.—The sale of 250,000 shares in the New York Central Railway by Vanderbilt to the European Syndicate, is confirmed. The price paid is \$120.

DON'T DO IT. A meeting held in New York Wednesday to consolidate the various press association interests into one association.

HE RENDERED THANKS. President Hayes spent Thanksgiving in Philadelphia.

BULLDOZERS ARRIVING. Southern members of congress are arriving at Washington. They deny that the South favors Grant for President.

SCHURZ REPORT will advocate a peace and justice policy to the Indians.

WHAT DOES IT AMOUNT TO? In the Kellogg investigation the time was principally occupied in examining witnesses who heard that some of the members had received money to vote for Kellogg.

AN EDITOR ON HIS MUSCLE. John B. McCullough, editor of the Globe-Democrat, St. Louis, assaulted and severely battered Robt. A. Waltz, a witness in a suit of the city and gas company, for intimating that McCullough had an interest in the gas stock.

A \$20,000 DEFALCATION has been discovered in Toronto. The custom house collector and cashier are implicated.

FORCE COMMISSION. At a meeting of the Ute commission on the 26th, O'urray reported that a runner from Douglas' camp brings the information that owing to the advance of troops the Unites have left the agency and reservation and joined Douglass and are prepared to fight. The White River Utes decline to return and Jack will not come in until the trouble is settled. This ends the commission work for the present.

FOREIGN FLASHES. The British government will not pass the trial of Sligo agitators unless a release or bail is attended by universal demonstration.

IGNATIFF aspires to the mission of the chancellorship.

Deadwood Destruction.

The Deadwood Times says: "We ain't so sure but Rev. B. Fay Mills was right when he attributed the destruction of Deadwood to the wickedness of the transient population. Sodom and Gomorrah were wiped out for the wickedness of their inhabitants. At the time of our destructive conflagration the city was filled full of prominent men from abroad, and everybody knows they are very wicked. Judge Kidder, was here from the cow counties, Judge Bennett was in town, and several California bonanza kings. Gov. Howard was approaching the Hills at the time, and Col. Kingsbury, of the Prees and Dakotian, had just left, and Gen. Beadle was still with us. Bartholomew and Webster had both been spending more than their usual time in the city on the day before the blaze, and Col. Donan was rolling Hillward from Bismarck while the city was burning. We guess B. Fay was right, after all."

Death of Hank Woods.

Hank Woods, the last of the Fourth Street people who offended Judge Barnes so much in Bismarck's early days, passed in his checks on Thanksgiving day and has taken up his abode beyond the river. Though his death resulted from dissipation, Hank Woods had many warm friends and many commendable traits of character that should cover a multitude of sins. No wrecked human was ever left to die uncared for when within the reach of Hank Woods and his kind hearted wife. Their house has been opened to the unfortunate of every class and many now enjoying life and its pleasures thank them for assistance when all others turned their back on them. He was buried on Boulder Heights this afternoon. May his ashes rest in peace.

Information Wanted.

Information is wanted concerning John O'Donnell, of Newton, Iowa, who left for the Black Hills Oct. 20, 1877. He is a baker by trade; 46 years of age; five feet eight inches high; heavy set, broad shouldered; figure erect; hair, moustache and chin whiskers more than half gray; has a very bright gray eye. If dead his now destitute widow is entitled to a considerable sum from the Order of United Workmen; and \$100 reward will be paid for legal proof of his death. Address Chas. A. Clark, Editor Independent, Newton, Jasper county, Iowa.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Dr. Foster, of Mandan, went east Tuesday. John Konce has returned to Deadwood. Delegate Bennett has gone to Washington. Dr. Bigelow is at Standing Rock this week. Farmer Steele returned Tuesday from the east. Frank Meade, of Mandan, was in the city this week.

Li. Brennan and bride have returned to Fort Yates. Marshall Raymond is happy. It is a girl baby this time.

Wm. Harmon, of Ft. Lincoln, returned from a week's business trip east, Monday night.

Capt. J. H. Maratta, of the Sherman, left Tuesday morning for his home in Painsville, Ohio.

W. W. Laman, a prominent and wealthy New York, man is in the city looking for an investment.

John Davidson, the N. P. agent, left for Brainerd Tuesday morning to visit his family. He will return Saturday.

Capt. Frank Baldwin, who came down from Keogh with Gen. Miles, has gone to Michigan to spend a month or so.

J. B. Cook and lady, of St. Paul, spent Sunday in this city. Mr. Cook is the proprietor of the transfer omnibus line in St. Paul.

The Deadwood Times says Wm. Selbie is confined to his room; that the Doctor says its "cor populi," or something that ails him.

Gen. Miles and staff arrive Saturday from Ft. Keogh and left Monday morning for Fargo where they will testify in the Brewer case.

Capt. Blakely, of the N. W. E. S. & T. Co., was in the city again last week on business. A dispatch called him east again and he left on Tuesday morning for New York.

W. A. Barleigh and wife left for Yankton Monday. The Doctor arrived from Miles City with Gen. Miles, Saturday. He will return to Miles City again in about six weeks.

Ned Gilroy, the efficient N. P. yardmaster at this point, returned Saturday from a two week's visit at Brainerd and Fargo. He says Bismarck is the place on the line for business.

Marshall McClure, who has gained so much reputation of late, both at home and abroad, because of his being the proprietor of the James town Alert, was in the city last night. Marshall is getting up a good paper, which is recognized and appreciated by both the press of this country and Europe.

Explain Themselves.

Editor Bismarck Tribune. BISMARCK, D. T., Nov. 24, '79.—I wish to disclaim responsibility for the statements made in letters in the St. Paul Pioneer-Press and New York Sun, and an interview in the Bismarck Tribune purporting to be from me. I cannot read or write, and a man who had been discharged from service at Fort Keogh, under Gen. Miles, used my name for the St. Paul Pioneer-Press and New York Sun letters, and took me to THE TRIBUNE office to be interviewed. OLIVER X BRISBO mark.

In presence of JAS. A. EMMONS.

BISMARCK, D. T., Nov. 10, 1879 To General Nelson A. Miles. Commanding District of the Yellowstone.

GENERAL—I would respectfully state to you that each and every word that you may see published through the different newspapers is nothing but lies. The different newspaper reporters went after Brisbo, on his arrival here, just the same as if he was Siding Bull himself. After the Tribune reporter interviewed him I made it my business to go up to the office, and told that it would not be my wishes for them to say anything against you. One of the party said let us show him up anyhow, they misconstrued the whole thing, and put the article in to suit themselves. I am, General.

Very Respectfully Your Obedt. Servt. (Signed) CHRISTOPHER GILSON

Getting Ready to Leave.

At Col. Bull's meeting Sunday night all who expected to make heaven their home were invited to rise. Among those to respond was James Emmons, the Young Man-not-Afraid-of-his-Whisky. "What ails Jimmy Emmons?" says E. A. Williams. "Why?" remarked Dave Stewart. "He responded when Col. Bull asked those who expect to go to Heaven to show their hand," said Williams. "Why he is getting ready to leave the Democratic party, of course," replied Dave. "All who expect to go to Heaven are leaving." Col. Bull has inaugurated a series of revival meetings which promise to attract considerable attention.

Successful Season.

The Sherman made the latest trip ever made on this portion of the Missouri river. She left Bismarck on the 11th inst for Ft. Bennett, returning on the 20th, making her way through no small amount of ice, and an unusually low river. John Justice was alone at the wheel Capt. J. H. Maratta on deck. Both deserve great credit. The Sherman has had an unusually successful season.

Spencer's Ring.

[Fargo Daily Argus.] The Deadwood Pioneer says that "Hon. E. Spencer wears a satisfied smile as he contemplates a \$5,800 chunk of solid gold, as the last Saturday's clean-up of the Aurora mine, of which he is part owner. His friends—and that means everybody in this region who knows him—would be glad if another or two had been added to the figures.

Ex-Senator Spencer's Mine.

[Lead City Enterprise.] The owners of the Durango will start up in a few days with some of the idle mills in Lead City. There is no doubt of the richness of this mine, as all can testify who have ever been in the tunnel, the walls of which fairly gleam with gold, or who have seen the wonderful prospects that came out of the rock.

THE CORN-FIELDS

Vast corn-fields bright
How grand the sight,
Of rain, and dew, and sun-shine born!
In stately mien.
In emerald green
The lands they beautify, adorn.
The farmer's toil let no one deem in vain.
Whose beading sweat transmutates to golden gain.
Whose sinewy arm the golden's strong defense
Whom Nature pays in nation's recompense.
Through all the boundaries of the people's Earth.
Since Heaven's great fiat gave Creation birth.
The curse a blessing ever hath been found
To him who plows and cultivates the ground.
The explorer plants his footsteps on the sea;
The scholar strives for immortality;
The patriot statesman, seek by deeds sublime
To stamp remembrance on the scroll of Time;
The miner delves in caverns deep and dark;
No labor shuns to catch the diamond's spark;
But what on earth e'er yet was so supreme
As he who tills it with his faithful team;
Who annual turns the ever-verdant sod,
And ever grateful does the will of God—
Bids tasseling corn-fields like battalions stand,
With waving plumes, in matchless beauty grand.
Their rustling leaves like maiden's silken dress,
As the coy zephyrs play and gently press,
In billowy grandeur, while their bearding ear,
Proclaim the bounty of the deepening year,
Pouring from out Abundance's golden horn
The endless treasures of the golden corn,
Sent to the lands with want and woe oppressed,
With misery dark famine and war distressed,
Painting on hunger's pallid cheek anew
The rose and lily's bright carnations;
Feeding the world—proud minstrel to
Thought,
From whose triquet quarries priceless arts are wrought,
Welding in living fires a golden chain
That tell though man may die, he lives again!

THE YANKEE WHALER.

One of the most striking headlands on the South African coast is the Bluff of Natal. Its majestic position, standing boldly out from the mainland and rising straight up from the deep ocean to a height of several hundred feet; the brilliant hues of the thousand and one varieties of tropical foliage which cover its steep sides from top to bottom; the clear sky above and the bright plumage of the birds flashing in the sun—all contribute to make the spot picturesque in the extreme. In the maze of the gigantic underwood on the Bluff, at the time of which I am writing, leopards, tiger-cats, monkeys, serpents and other beasts and reptiles roamed at will, the preceptious sides and wild entanglement insuring protection from the attacks of the hunter. Within the last few years a road has been made up the Bluff, and a lighthouse now crowns the summit. The inner or northern side of the Bluff forms one side of the Bay of Natal, while low sand-hills enclose it on the north. The northern coast is irregular, and a sand-hill projecting far into the bay almost puts it into two parts, so forming a double harbor. From this point the harbor bar stretches across, and the water being there very shallow, vessels of large size are prevented from passing into the inner harbor. Fortunately, however, the bluff protects them on the south, and except when north or east winds are blowing, a tolerably good anchorage is obtainable. On account of the impossibility of emigrant ships sailing over the bar, the early emigrants were transported from the ships to the beach in the inner harbor in large surf-boats, and frequently had to be carried through the surf to the shore by Kaffirs. On the sandhill that divides the bay there stands a look-out and the port captain or harbor-master's house, and about two miles up the south shore is situated the town of Durban, the only road to which, at the date of this story, was through the bush-path.

Early in the afternoon of one of the hottest days of the summer of 185-, the thermometer registering something like one hundred and ten degrees in the shade, the bay as calm as glass, and the beach quite deserted, the men in the look-out were surprised to see a long, rakish schooner sail the bluff and drop anchor in the outer bay. No sooner was she brought to than a whale-boat was lowered and put off from her side. The harbor-master hurried down, followed by half-a-dozen men, to the beach, and before the men had reached the shore a small crowd of white men and Kaffirs had gathered round. As the boat ran on to the shingle, a tall, sawn man, whose bony frame, sharp eyes and features proclaimed him an American before he spoke, jumped ashore, and asked, in a sharp nasal tone, "Who's boss (chief personage) here?"

"I am the Port Captain," said that functionary, stepping forward. "Do you want me?"

"Wal, yes, I do—some. I'm cap'n of the Southern Cross Schooner—thar she is. She's sprung a bad leak, and I want to beach her here and examine her timbers. My lads is a'most done up with pumpin'. She's a fillin' most awful quick, and I want some men come off and take a hand at the pumps. My crew can't keep on much longer, I guess."

"Where are you from, and where bound, captain?" asked the harbor-master.

"I'm cruisin' after whales, and thar's a pile of 'em abroad. But sir, if we stop playin' here, I shan't get my ship beached. What men can you git me, now, quick?"

"There's plenty of Kaffirs about," said the harbor-master; but you must get permission before you can take any of them off to your ship."

"Permission!" echoed the stranger—"wal, I never! Who's got charge of this lot? Who do they belong to?"

"They don't belong to anybody. This is a British colony, captain. But you must get leave to take 'em aboard, or else you can't have 'em," replied the harbor-master, emphatically.

"Who'll give me permission? You?" asked the captain.

"No, I can't, you must go and get a magistrate's order."

"What's he to be found? Jest show me the way. Look sharp, boss, 'cos I'm in a mortal hurry, you know."

The harbor-man turned away, saying, "Up in Durban, you know."

"How fur's that?" broke in the Yankee.

"A good two miles, through the bush-path. You'll have to get a horse."

"What'll I git one," asked the captain.

At this moment Mr. McKay, the government land-agent, who, full of officious curiosity had come down from the Custom House, pushed through the crowd, and said, "I'll lend you a horse, captain. Jest come this way."

"You're very obligin', sir," said the captain, turning and following the agent.

"I'll accept your offer and feel honored."

In a few minutes the horse was produced, and a negro engaged to run ahead and show the way. As the captain mounted the horse, he turned to the harbor-master and said, "You'll be able to find boats enough to take fifty niggers off at once, eh?"

"Oh, yes, we can do that."

"Wal, now," said the stranger, as a parting observation, "ain't it a plaguey shame that a man can't save his ship without all this palaver? Here's the Southern Cross—as smart a schooner as ever sailed under stars and stripes—a-makin' water like mad, and I've got to go through all this performance before I can git a few darved niggers to pump."

And away he rode toward Durban.

The magistrate not only gave the American captain the necessary order but opened a bottle of wine, and, drinking to his success, promised any further assistance that lay in his power, and in two hours after leaving the harbor the stranger was half way back again.

During his absence all had been bustle at the harbor. More Kaffirs had come down in the hope of being hired, and great was the amount of speculation as to the terms likely to be offered. These Natal Kaffirs are runaway Zulus, who, having once deserted, are barred from returning to Zululand under penalty of death. They are both brave and intelligent, and a much finer set of men than the negroes of the west coast. From the lookout the crew of the schooner could be seen pumping incessantly, a continuous stream pouring from her side, and Mr. McKay, whose proffer of the horse was instigated more by the hope of profit than by disinterested kindness, for he was the owner of the surf-boats, was waiting with great impatience for the stranger's return, and calculating the amount he would realize by the business.

Sooner than could have been expected, the captain came riding up at a rattling pace, and jumping from the horse, said, "Here's the permission, boss, all correct and complete. And now how many niggers ken I hev?"

"Just as many as you like," said the harbor-master; "there they are, waiting to be hired."

"Now, sir, tell me—what time in the morning ken I get over the bar? I draw ten feet of water."

"Tide flows at six o'clock, and you could come over by eight, I should say," responded the harbor-master.

"Good. Wal, now, you boys, I'll give you seven and sixpence apiece to come and take turns all night. There's a powerful lot o' water in the hold by this time, and you'll hev to work, I tell you."

The pay was high, and a murmur of satisfaction ran through the crowd; those among the Kaffirs who did not understand English having it explained to them by those who did. The terms were good enough for many a white man standing around to jump at; but to work side by side with negroes was too degrading and they were obliged to let the chance pass.

"Wal, boys, what say?" asked the Yankee.

Several voices eagerly accepted the terms, and the harbor-master asked how many he would engage.

"Just you stand in a row, boys, and I'll pick out the likeliest ones. Be smart; the sun'll be down before we git aboard, if you don't be slick."

The Kaffirs were soon in line. The captain walked up and down, surveying them, and carefully picking out the biggest and strongest, until he had selected about sixty. This was a large number for the work; but it was put down by Mr. McKay and the harbor-master to Yankee enterprise; and in a few minutes the surf-boats with the negroes on board were afloat.

"I will come on to you in the morning, captain, and bring you a pilot," said the harbor-master.

"Wal, now, that's friendly of you, boss. Really, if you would, I should take it kind," responded the Yankee.

"I will," said the harbor-master. "I'll come off when the tide makes."

"Thank you, sir," said the captain as he stepped into the whale-boat, you won't forget to come?"

"Certainly not," replied the harbor-master. "Good-night."

"Good-night," said the stranger, with a grim smile, waving his hand as the boat pulled away.

When the surf-boats returned, the men with them reported the Southern Cross to be just as smart and trim a craft as the captain had said she was. They also reported the safe transference of the dingy volunteers. The sun went down, and in ten minutes the scorching hot day had given place to a beautiful tropical night.

Before the sun had risen on the following morning, the port captain, Mr. McKay, and the lookout men were already assembled on the sand-point; and as the first flush of daylight came rapidly spreading over land and sea they strained their eyes across the bay, eager to catch an early glimpse of the schooner whose arrival and condition caused such unusual excitement the day before. Well might they start and stare in speechless astonishment. There was the bay all right, and there was the blue bluff beyond it, but nothing else. No Southern Cross! No ship at all! Nothing to mark where she had lain the previous night! What

could it mean? Could she have foundered with all hands? No; for there was not depth of water sufficient to cover her mast if she had. Could she have broken away and gone ashore? Impossible, for the wind, a mere capful, was off the land.

"She's gone!" was the first exclamation which broke the silence—"clean gone!"

"What can it mean?" asked Mr. McKay.

"Mean?" said the harbor-master. "mean? That they are all born fools—that's what it means."

"Why, how?" gasped the bewildered agent.

"How?" responded the harbor-master. "Why was he so particular about the sort of Kaffirs he engaged? Wouldn't any kind of Kaffirs do for working pumps? Of course they would. I can see it all now. She was no whaler; she had sprung a leak. She was a Yankee slaver, that's what she was; and we ought all to be shot for not seeing it before."

A thrill of horror passed through the group. It was as clear as daylight now.

"But we saw them pumping the water out of her," said the agent, after a pause.

"Of course you did. But you didn't see the other side of her, did you, Mr. McKay?"

"Well, no," responded the agent.

"No; but if you had, you'd have seen 'em pumping the water in! That's what it was, Mr. McKay; the rascals were pumping it in on the starboard side and out again on the port; don't you see?"

"Yes, I see now," sighed the agent.

"Sixty niggers kidnapped before our very eyes!" continued the harbor-master.

"A pretty thing, upon my word!"

"Beg pardon, sir," said one of the men; "p'raps she's in sight now, sir—if we was to pull off in the boat round the bluff head, sir."

"What's the good of that?" growled the harbor-master.

"O'n'y p'raps we might see what course she was a-taken; and in case the admiral was to come round, we could say which way she was a-goin', sir."

"O, she's out o' sight by this time, never fear," said the harbor-master.

"But man the boat, and we'll see."

Away went the men to get the boat out and away went the harbor-master and Mr. McKay after them down to the beach.

"No wonder he was so particular, the rascal! Why, every one of those Kaffirs will fetch \$500 in America. He's done a very fair day's work, and no mistake, Mr. McKay."

"Yes; and never paid me for the hire of my boats," dolefully responded the agent; "and I lent the scoundrel my horse, too!"

"Well, its no use now. But where our senses were, Mr. McKay, to be outwitted like that. I can't think. I shall hear of this again. If only the Admiral would cruise around here, we might catch 'em now; but we shan't see him for months, may be. It's about the deepest move that ever I heard of."

By this time the boat was out and manned, and a hearty pull took them to the bluff head in half an hour; but no signs of the slaver was to be seen.

The next day a southern-bound brig dropped anchor in the outer bay and put ashore for some fresh meat. The harbor-master put off to her, and gave the captain a letter for the admiral if he fell in with him, or to leave at the Cape if he did not. Although the letter reached the admiral within a week, and he put off to sea on the chance of falling in with some news of the Southern Cross, no more was ever heard of that Yankee whaler.

A Strange Record.

If now some latter "Virginian," some contemporary Warrington, leading his tranquil country life at Castlewood, should find in an old box or brass-bound trunk of Queen's Anne's day a mass of yellow letters of the time Thackeray describes, he would linger long over the treasure with musing delight, lost in dreams of Lady Castlewood and her later husband and the beautiful Beatrix. If, at length, he opened some one of the half-mouldering manuscripts, and saw that it was a letter of the Lady Beatrix, and read these words, would they not be the very words that he might expect to read if he knew that lady aright: "I hope to hear nothing about affections being engaged, because that is a poor excuse. We all know that men's or women's affections may be got over, and that only fools marry for anything but connections or great wealth.... I have no other idea of comfort in any other mode of life than in courts, and in living with people of rank, and going into company every day. I hate retirement and domestic life, and have sacrificed through life everything to ambition." Mr. Warrington would smile, perhaps, at the folly of recording such sentiments, and more soberly reflect that the words revealed the beautiful Beatrix more perfectly even than a portrait by Kneller.

As he turned over the fading manuscripts, and pursued the record of so mean a worldliness, he might well wonder that a woman could be so beautiful in her face and so deformed in her soul. The ghostly letters would gradually seem to him repulsive from their want of brilliancy or humor, and from the lack of any glimpse of the life or society of the time, except that of her own spiritual barrenness. He certainly would find them without charm of style, or any charm whatever, and they would be notable only as a study of character, and a character hard and selfish and wholly without attraction. Doubtless his mind would constantly recur to the famously beautiful woman, and he would perhaps doubt as he read whether, after all, she did not go off with a prince, to be disowned possibly by his family, yet still pride herself upon the connection, and to shame in court circles with an indirect luster shed by a royal name. If it were but the imperial family of Bar-

tania to which she could claim some tie, if she could only be recognized as a Princess Panza, it would be glory enough, and the Lady Beatrix would envy no woman.

But how much more would Mr. Warrington be amazed if he discovered as he read the yellow manuscripts that his beautiful relation had been for a time the rightful wife of a king, and by marriage a member of the most conspicuous family in Europe of her time, and at a most interesting period of history! How would his amazement grow as he perceived that the writer of the letters that he held lived for many years in the highest circles frequented by famous figures of every kind, herself by her name and her beauty a striking part of that brilliant society, and that, with her unequalled opportunities, her letters might well be fascinating chapters in a delightful kind of literature! He would scan the leaves with fresh eagerness to seize the very form and pressure of a prodigious epoch, and if some happy thought suggested to him that a woman whom tradition said that beauties envied her beauty and wits dreaded her wit, that kings sought her acquaintance and princes claimed her friendship, might write letters which should show the *savoir-vivre* of Chesterfield, the cold cynicism of Rochefoucauld, and the practical economy of Franklin, he would think it only probable, and turn the page to see what the clever Lady Beatrix said of Bolingbroke and Marlborough and Harley, of Addison and Swift and the Duchess.

This is what he would read—some of the allusions seem, indeed, to be singular for a beauty and wit of the last century:

"Marriage ought never to be entered into for any other purpose than comfort, and there is none without consequence and fortune; without these it is more prudent to live single."

"For this life there is nothing but disappointment. The happiest are those who support misfortune best. I find that travelers exaggerate; there is a scarcity of money in all families, and in all countries people have poor relations to support."

"There is no knowing how marriages may turn out—women may treat husbands ill, leave them, die before them; but if a good provision be made for the husband, there is nothing lost by risking a marriage."

"Walter Scott's novels would amuse you very much. They are read by people of all ages, and are almost historical. Walter Scott has made a large fortune by his novels."

"She has made the greatest match that any woman ever made, and I suppose now that people will see that Mrs. Caton was right in starving herself to keep her daughters in Europe. The Marquis of Wellesley is Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He married an Italian singer, by whom he had a family of children. She is dead. He has no fortune, he is over head and ears in debt. The Catons, I suppose, will be enchanted with the match, and with reason, too, for it gives them a rank in Europe; and with Mr. Carroll's money to keep it up, they may be considered the most fortunate in the United States of America. I can only say, if Jerome was a girl and had made such a match, I am convinced that I should have died for joy."

"In America, there are no resources except marriage; and as there was no one there for me to marry, I very naturally sought to quit a place where I was not pleased."

"I am sure that backwardness has been a great disadvantage to myself."

"Mrs. Caton has set me a good example on the subject. She has, however, been more fortunate in fixing her children than I can hope to be. I think they are the most fortunate people I have ever heard of read of. Louisa has made a great match. He is very handsome, not more than twenty-eight, and will be duke with thirty thousand pounds a year."

"After I had married the brother of an emperor, I had not the meanness of spirit to descend from such an elevation to the deplorable condition of being the wife of an American."

"Can you, for love or money, contrive to send me a string of white topazes? I want to wear it as a necklace, and pretend they are diamonds. * * * I was very intimate with Lady Normandy the last year of her reign at Florence. She is the very quintessence of fashion—the fine flower of *bon ton*. All is vexation and vanity."

The amazed Mr. Warrington would turn and turn, and sift and sift, but this is all the Chesterfield and Rochefoucauld and Franklin that he would find. These are all the glimpses of the dazzling Bolingbroke and the famous Marlborough and the wily Duchess that could be gathered from the letters of the beautiful Lady Beatrix. They would prove to be nothing but a record of consuming desire of a mercenary woman to marry her son to a fortune, and of her rage when he marries the woman that he loves; and poor Mr. Warrington would think that his wits were going, if upon looking closer at the fading signature upon the fragile page, he should read, instead of Beatrix Esmond, Betsey Patterson.

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A Remarkable Tragedy.

An extraordinary tragedy was enacted a short time ago at Schwelm, in Prussian Westphalia. Two lads of thirteen and sixteen, whose father and mother had died a few months since, and after their bereavement had lived with their maternal grandfather, were found on the thirtieth of July dead and horribly mutilated in their bedrooms. From the text of a written declaration found on a table in the room, and signed by the elder boy, it appeared that both lads had resolved to die, finding life unendurable without their parents, and had conceived the means of their death, and having set down upon paper their wishes with respect to the disposal of their clothes, books, and playthings, the elder boy had

shattered his brother's head with a hammer, using such force that the child's skull was beaten in and his brains scattered over the floor. After deliberately slaughtering his brother the youthful murderer took poison, opened the veins in his wrist with a razor, and discharged a bullet into his forehead with a revolver. The grandfather of these wretched lads was absent from home upon a business trip, at the time of the catastrophe, and the elder boy had all the servants out of the house before he commenced his deadly operations. Consequently the dire deed was not suspected until the next morning, when the housekeeper knocked at the door of the room in which the brothers slept together, and, obtaining no answer, fetched a locksmith to pick the lock, and upon obtaining access to the bed room, found her young masters dead and cold, weltering in their own blood. Had they lived to years of discretion, they would both have become possessed of ample means; and, doddily enough, though they had taken extraordinary pains to dispose of their childish belongings, no mention was made by either of them in the document found upon their table of the considerable inheritance to which they would have been entitled upon coming of age. It appears that they were exceptionally amiable children, noted upon by their old grandfather, and a tremely popular among their schoolmates.—*London Telegraph*.

UNDER THE BED.

A Plucky Fight with an Armed Burglar.
(Boston Herald.)

Samuel W. Crech, Jr., Esq., of the well-known law firm of Perry & Crech, on returning to his home, 300 Columbus avenue Wednesday night, at 11:50, had an adventure with a burglar, the details of which are decidedly interesting. It seems that, early in the evening, the servant girl, who was in tending to leave, complained to Mrs. Crech that some one had taken from her bag a silk handkerchief. Suspicion pointed to a new girl who had arrived during the day, but a search through her trunk and pockets failed to reveal the whereabouts of the missing article. Later in the evening a window in the second story was discovered to be open. This was shut and fastened, and soon after, it was noticed that some one had been ransacking the contents of a bureau in the sleeping room of Mrs. Crech's daughter. Mrs. Crech believed that one or the other of the two servants was guilty; and resolved to confide the matter to her husband when he should arrive. Mr. Crech, as before stated, returned home just before midnight, and after looking up the house, proceeded to disrobe and retire for the night. Seating himself near the door, he chanced to glance under the bed—a low, French one—and caught sight of a man's feet lying upon the floor. He would have paid no attention to this, supposing it to be one of his own, with which his little daughter might have been playing, when his eyes rested upon a striped shirt-sleeve. He peered further, and distinctly saw the outlines of a man's arm, and was about to slip quietly out for an officer, when his wife, in whose mind the strange occurrence of the evening were still fresh, noticing her husband's movements, suspected the truth, and cried out in alarm: "There's a man under the bed!" Finding himself discovered, the burglar endeavored to crawl from his hiding-place, when Mr. Crech sprang forward, and planting his feet upon the fellow's throat, tried to choke him. The burglar, after awhile, succeeded in getting upon his feet, and drew a large clasp knife, which he opened and flourished in Mr. Crech's face. Mrs. Crech ran to the window, threw it up and screamed "murder!" at the top of her voice. Meantime Mr. Crech had grasped the burglar's right arm, which he held in a vice-like grip, and forced the fellow backward against the wall. The thief by this time seemed to realize that he had a vigorous antagonist to cope with, and began to beg. He asked to be allowed to go, adding, "I haven't hurt you!" "No," answered the plucky lawyer, "but don't you would if you got the chance." Mrs. Crech at this moment left the window, and stepping up to her husband, said, in a loud whisper, "Shall I bring your pistol?" Though there wasn't even a toy popgun in the house, this little strategy had its desired effect, for the fellow began to "weaken," and exclaimed, in a whining tone, "Oh! you don't mean to kill me!" "Yes, if I can," was the response of Mr. Crech, who tightened his grip upon the fellow's arm and held him firmly against the wall, hoping every moment that assistance would arrive. Though Mrs. Crech's mother and daughter joined in crying at the window for help, no one came to their aid, and the burglar, growing desperate, made another break for liberty, and succeeded in gaining the landing at the foot of the stairs. Here Mr. Crech again collared him, but, after a hard struggle, the fellow freed himself, and dashed through a window, making his escape. Under the bed were afterward found the missing silk handkerchief and a rubber pencil case belonging to Mr. Crech. It looks as if the handkerchief was intended to be used as a gag, from the manner in which it was folded. As it was, the fellow did not succeed in carrying off anything of value, as he undoubtedly would have done had he not been discovered.

The Massachusetts supreme court decides that a woman is competent to testify as to her own age. But it doesn't tell how to make them do it.

It is said that Canon Farrar is to be made the Dean of Worcester, with an income of \$6,000 a year and a handsome residence near the cathedral.

A negro at Little Rock has had two hundred and forty-two wens or warts cut from his body by the surgeons, and is now lighter by about eleven pounds.

Mrs. Downing, of Quincy, Illinois, recently got a divorce, regained her maiden name (Miss Lowery), and married a man named Herling all in one afternoon.

Out in Texas when a prisoner gets out of jail, apparently through the instrumentality of one outside, he is often found tangled to a tree somewhere near, but they call it a jail delivery, all the same.

The explosion of a large gasoline lamp covered the water with flame around two Illinois fishermen's boat. They only saved their lives by diving through the fire and coming to the surface at a safe distance.

IMPERFECT PAGE

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The Bismarck Tribune.

C. A. LOUNSBERRY, Publisher.

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OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

MASONIC.

The regular communications of Bismarck Lodge No. 120, A. F. & A. M., are held in their hall on the first and third Mondays of each month at 7 p. m. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited.
JOSEPH HARE, W. M.
EMERSON COREY, Sec.

I. O. O. F.

The regular meeting of Mandan Lodge No. 12, I. O. O. F., are held in Raymond Hall every Tuesday. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited.
Wm. A. BENTLEY, N. G.
S. T. SIMONSON, R. Sec.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Rev. J. G. Miller, B. D. Rector. At the Rector's residence, blessed sacrament on all Sundays and other Holy Days. Obligation at 11 o'clock a. m. railroad time. Today School and Even-Song at 2 p. m. At St. Paul's Church, Mission Service at 7:30 p. m.
METHODIST CHURCH—Services every Sunday at the City Hall, at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School immediately after the morning services. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. J. M. BULL, Pastor.
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Corner of Thayer and Second Sts., Rev. W. C. Stevens, Pastor. Sabbath services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at the close of the morning service. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Seats free.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

On the Northern Pacific mail arrives daily, Sundays excepted, at 7:15 p. m. Leave daily, except Sunday at 7:45 a. m.
Leaves for Fort Stevens, Berthold and Burdick every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a. m., arriving every Monday Wednesday and Friday at 3:30 p. m.
Leave for Fort Yates and Sully and all down river points daily, except Sunday, at 6 a. m.; arriving at Bismarck daily except Sunday at 8 p. m.
Leave for Fort Keogh and Miles City and all points in Northern and Western Montana daily, except Sunday, at 8 a. m.; and arriving at Bismarck daily except Sunday, at 4 p. m.
Leave for Deadwood and other points in the Black Hills daily at 8 p. m.
Registered Mails for all Points Close at 5 P. M. Office open from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m. On Sundays from 7 to 9 a. m., and 4 to 6 p. m.

BISMARCK, FRIDAY, NOV. 28, 1879.

GEN. ROSSER, having been mentioned for Congress, it will now be in order for the great news grabber of the *Fargo Times* to announce whether he is a member of the Spencer ring.

CONGRESSMEN Felton and Spear, of Georgia, renounce the Democratic party and will hereafter act independently. Alex Stephens favors Grant and repudiates King Caucus.

The New York *Tribune* thinks the great effort of the Democratic party in the coming session of Congress will be to control its own mouth, and yet, an exchange remarks, it is certain to get its foot in it.

The Elk Point *Courier*, one of the most valuable papers in Dakota, has entered on its ninth year. Eight years ago there were but three papers in Dakota, the *Courier* being the third established. Now there are fifty odd.

The Grand Forks *Herald* "having talked the company until it is tired," now agitates for a night watchman so that when a fire breaks out the people can have somebody to notify them to turn out and see the fiery exhibition.

It is said if you strap a man tightly to a large cannon and fire it off the concussion will kill him and death will be painless. For the sake of science the Philadelphia *Chronicle-Herald* would like to see the experiment tried—upon Dennis Kearney.

The *Tribune* learns through the Fargo correspondent of the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press* that its editor has been enrolled among the members of the Spencer ring. The *Times* is a newsy paper but the *Tribune* scarcely expected to be beat by it in news of this character.

The Buffalo *Express* says: "Grant's greatness was never better illustrated than when he said to a friend not very long ago, 'Nobody can know so well as I do how many mistakes I made.' They were speaking of his administration of the government. A small man could not have said that."

Not yet, Mr. Lamar. The people of the United States may want Grant again for the Presidency but not to act the part of an emperor. The Republic will live and the fires of liberty burn brightly on our altars long after Grant, the great Northern general, and Lamar, the eminent Southern Jackass, moulder in dust.

A WASHINGTON telegram reports an incident in connection with the Thomas procession the other day that has not been generally mentioned. It was that not a

militia company from north of Mason and Dixon's line participated. All the military display outside of the regular army was furnished by organization from the South.

THE Macon, Ga., *Telegraph* remarks: "Toombs' dispatch is the voice of a solitary nightmare. If the southern people could have it as a free gift, they would not at this day accept a separate nationality dividing a continent by mere statutory boundaries—dividing our rivers and waters—making endless custom house cordon—interfering with trade in its ramifications, and inflicting a thousand other evils and inconveniences, without hope of corresponding benefit."

THE use of whisky for rattlesnake bites in Texas has increased so enormously during the past year that the overworked snakes have resolved to leave the State unless the board of immigration reinforces them strongly. They work double time, and yet can't do half the biting that it demanded by the consumers. One snake who does business at Port Lavaca is six weeks behind his orders, and three of the clerks are sick.

UNDER the head of "Addition and Division" the *Fargo Daily Argus* writes up the several schemes for dividing Dakota and concludes by recommending that the northern line of Nebraska be extended to the Missouri River so as to throw Yankton into Nebraska. It wants Yankton assigned, quit-claimed, made over and delivered to the grasshopper and alkali interests of Nebraska, leaving Dakota vigorous and happy.

THE Atlanta *Constitution* says: "The members of the Adams family are very useful. Whenever the Democrats of Massachusetts are sure of defeat they simply catch one, place him on the track, and stand off to see the Republican locomotive run over him. There is more fun in Massachusetts politics than you can shake a stick at."

As the Elk Point *Courier* evidently means to remark all a newspaper man can expect to do is to raise h—l and sell his paper. When he comes to run for office everybody that he hasn't helped or has hit turn loose on him and he is left. The *Courier* says Charley Collins not only lost his expected office but is busted on his townsie also.

THE Mandan *Criterion* says Gen. Thos. L. Rosser has renounced his allegiance to the Democratic party and will hereafter act with the Republicans and wonders how it would take to send a rebel brigadier to Congress from Dakota. The scheme is not a bad one. Gen. Rosser is able, and honorable, and would be an effective worker if sent to Congress.

LAMAR, one of the southern brigadiers, "by courtesy dubbed statesman," as Pat Donan would remark, is said to have written a letter in which he says it is useless for the South to struggle against the North, and urges that Grant should be elected President for life. Lamar will be noted for his Jackassery if the letter is not a forgery.

THE Miles City *Journal* says the *Tribune's* interview with Brisbo was malicious and fraudulent—that Chris Gilson and Brisbo both deny. Brisbo might have told just who was responsible. Chris was the first to deny. His and Brisbo's cards are both published.

THE Washington *Post* says Seymour must stand as the Democratic nominee for President next year. Seymour may be forced as he is the strongest candidate that can be named. Seymour and Bayard against Grant and Blaine would make a lively if not an uncertain contest.

THE Black Hills mines are showing up better than ever. Returning prosperity to the country, bringing flush times, and the energy and confidence of Black Hills merchants shown in the rapid restoration of Deadwood, no doubt, has much to do with the present activity in Black Hills mines.

THE Yankton *Herald* wants Bob Toombs to start north at once in order to call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill Monument before the old fool goes entirely daft or passes in his checks.

The president, it is reported, will strongly recommend, in his forthcoming message, the policy of the gradual retirement of the greenbacks, and Secretary Sherman is said to be also converted to this view.

GEN. SHERMAN believes that all the Indians along the upper Missouri river will soon have to be removed to the Sioux reservations to make room for civilization.

THE Black Hills *Journal*, published at Rapid City, Dakota, is one of the best printed newspapers in the west. It is

ably and carefully edited, and is full of interesting and reliable notes from America's richest land of gold.

THE Yankton *Herald* remarks that Mr. Tilden is too much occupied by his private business to take any interest in politics—since the New York election.

THE Miles City *Journal* publishes a four column article on stock growing in Montana—an interesting subject well handled.

REA, in the *Fargo Times*, says the arrival of the wife of the editor of the *Richland County Gazette*, after seven months' absence, accounts for the scarcity of local news in that sheet the following week. Let us, see; the wife of the "young and frisky" is east, but will probably return to Fargo soon. It might be well to keep an eye on the columns of the *Times* and see if the theory advanced holds good.

A FEW of the ladies of this city have found fault with the *Tribune*, of late, because of its being cut and pasted, stating that it spoils its usefulness for covering the pantry-shelf, as the rats chew holes in the pasted part of the paper when dry. THE *Tribune* should be "preserved" when it can be placed on the shelf with perfect safety, unless the children should "cry for it."

MAJOR EDWARDS, of the Fargo Daily *Argus*, when in Chicago, had an office chair which required the use of a derrick and the services of several muscular men to move. He now has one at Fargo. The front of the *Argus* office had to be removed in order to let the monster in. Surely there must be some brains there is so much chair.

CLAYTON, the cigar man of Fargo, advertises in the *Argus* that he wants a girl to strip.

Geo. Wilson Married.

[Fargo Daily *Argus*, Nov. 26th.]
At the Sherman House last evening Mr. Geo. Wilson, of Deadwood, connected with the Northwestern Stage and Transportation Company, was united in marriage to Miss Florence Gleason, of Mapleton, the Rev. C. B. Stevens officiating. Mr. Wilson was formerly a resident of Fargo, where he has many old friends, who wish him and his fair young bride a life-long honeymoon together.

Letter List.

List of letters remaining uncalled for in the Bismarck Post Office, for the week ending, Friday, Nov. 14, 1879:
Adams Jacob
Abbott T H
Adair Wm
Abbott Wm H
Brown Frank
Broughton Geo W
Brosseau Pierre or Peter
Crossett E M
Cook J B
Cochran James
Dwight S C
Elliott Thos
Fosterstrom Gustaf
Gardner Chas E
Hawkins John W
Hawley J C
Holmes Mrs Maggie
Jorgensen
Keating John
LaClair Chas
LeRoy Wm F
McCarthy John
Blinner Isaac
Mason John
McLeod James
Mansfield Wm H
Panaman Edward G
Boche James
Bonkie Jerry
Stuard Harrie
Tung Henry
Gardner J M
Van Kenon Chas E
Wood Geo
Wilson L F

LIST OF LETTERS REMAINING UNCALLED FOR NOV. 21, 1879.

Anderson J C
Adams Q 2
Star F A
Book Peter
Brazier Nathan
Bose Dr W D
Brown T
Constock Elijah D
Cady Eva L
Duncan A B 3
Douglas Wm 2
Frank Jack
Gideon Geo L
Goldstein Geo
Gleason James L
Gleason Mary
Jemmill
Gamble Wm B
Hall Dick
Hazel Albert
Harris John
Jones Chas E
Johnson Wm V 3
Kruze Wm 2
Lamb P M
Livermore Orlando
Laportre Will
McDonough Frank
Michael Henry
Miller Frank J 2
McLennan Hugh F 4
Moore Joseph
Murray James
Marvin J C
McKinnon J D
McCallum Malcomb
Maloney Patrick
Nash C W
Nelson Wm
O'Brien C A
O'Rourke Jerry
O'Dwyer Martin
O'Connor W R
Phelps Gertrude
Peto Wm W
Richards Thos
Robinson R
Shelley C F
Shop Andrew 2
Schwab A 2
Snow G A
Stone John R
Trotter Henry J 4
Whitely Frank
Whitely Peter
Wickard Scott

If the above letters are not called for in Thirty days they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office at Washington. Persons calling for any of the above will please say "Advertised Letters," and give date of list.
C. A. LOUNSBERRY, P. M.

The Star Clothing House.

If not one of the oldest houses in the city the Star Clothing House is one of the largest. Mr. Eppinger, its proprietor, has had many years of experience in the clothing business and believes that he knows his business and his custom so well that he can fit any man likely to apply to him for suits either in quality of his goods, price or cut of the garment. His stock, while it embraces fine suits for clerks and business men generally, embraces a full line of suits for laboring men, whether teamsters, graders, woodchoppers or others, and embraces everything made from the crown to feet. Gentlemen of elegant leisure, or business men will find just what they want, while the range of special sizes is very large—extending from bean-pole to barrel sizes. The department of under-clothing is complete and embraces the finer grades as well as the cheaper. In furnishing goods everything a gent wants can be found and the finest as well as the cheapest hats and caps. The goods were purchased before the recent rise in prices and will be sold accordingly.

The S. P. B. C. H.

has the finest stock of underwear to be found west of St. Paul. Come and inspect our goods and low prices when in need of one.

Day Boarding.

Mr. R. R. Marsh will next Monday commence keeping day boarders at his new residence, corner Fifth and Melrose streets. All persons in want of good board should apply to Mr. Marsh, who is well known as a hotelier in this section. The rates will be reasonable and the accommodations first class.

Wall Paper.

A complete stock of the finest designs for sale at cost at
W. A. HOLLMAN'S.

AT THE NATION'S CAPITOL.

THE CITY GETTING READY FOR THE CONGRESSIONAL SIEGE.

The Army of the Cumberland—Count of Letters Throughout the Country—The War upon Lotteries and other Interesting Gossip. Special Correspondence of the *Tribune*.

GEN. THOMAS' STATUE.

The long expected day for the unveiling of the beautiful statue of Gen. Thomas came clear and cool, and its opening was greeted with thundering cannon whose echoes reverberated across the Potomac and swept over the hills of Arlington, where sleep 16,000 of the nation's heroic dead. The playing of bands, the tramp of soldiers and veterans carrying old battle flags bullet riddled and torn, the streets and avenues decorated with colors and bunting, the thousands of strangers and other thousands of veterans, the long line of processions, two hours in passing a given point, indicated the affection of citizens and soldiers for the brave hero whose noble deeds have been made enduring by the erection of the Thomas statue at the cost of \$40,000, contributed by his fellow comrades of the Army of the Cumberland. The horse and rider weighs 5,300 pounds and the base 2,200. It stands on a beautiful granite pedestal and is elevated on the very spot where the salute of eight hundred guns was fired on April 3, 1875, in honor of the fall of Petersburg and capture of Richmond, and one week later another salute of five hundred guns, in honor of the surrender of Lee's army.

BEING POLISHED UP.

The Senate Chamber and House are being swept, dusted and garnished for the opening of the long and important session of Congress. Boarding houses and private residences are all being brightened by paint and put in proper condition for the reception and entertainment of the 25,000 that are added to the winter population of the capital during the sessions of congress. The hotels, now as grand and luxurious as those of any other city, are vying with each other in furnishing most elegant apartments and the greatest perfection in the wonders of the cuisine. Washington is the new elysium whence newly wedded ones resort to spend the honeymoon, and it is no uncommon thing at any time to see the names of half a score of brides and grooms registered on the same day at one of the principal hotels.

WHAT CAN THEY DO?

The democrats are disconsolate and refuse to be comforted. All their hopes are vanished. The Treasury with its vaults of gold and silver that they hoped to control is receding from their view, while the White House has vanished quite out of sight. It is a little too early to prognosticate just what new schemes they will now try. The panicky condition of the Democratic party since the late election is very noticeable here at the capital and a stampede of demoralized forces confront the grand sachems of Bourbonism. The defeat of the party led by confederates in the last Congress and put hors du combat at the late election was not counted upon by the leaders in the new rebellion. Once again they have learned that the loyal North will never allow the doctrine of States rights to be installed as the supreme law of the land, and many of the leaders do not hesitate to declare for Grant as the people's candidate for the Presidency. Nor is this an idle dream. The masses of the party all through the South are in sympathy with some movement of this kind. The counsels of the Democratic savans on the meeting of Congress, may check the tide and set the current in other directions.

GOOD FOR THE SUNKEN SOUTH.

The crop reports received from the South are very encouraging. The cotton crop of this year will be 500,000 bales, larger than was ever before produced in a single year. The tobacco crop will yield 12,000,000 pounds more than last year, and there will be 200,000 hogheads of sugar in excess of the crop made last year. It is estimated that the total increase in these crops will bring to the South \$40,000,000 or \$50,000,000. The prices paid this year for cotton, sugar and tobacco are higher than heretofore, and the consequence is that the South now has money ahead and is sharing in the general prosperity.

THE PEOPLE WILL WRITE.

The Postmaster General ordered a count of all letters, papers and packages deposited in each post office in the United States for seven days beginning Nov. 1st. Reports are now being received at the Department. The total letters, papers and packages deposited in the New York office was 7,193,290, Philadelphia 1,795,750, Cincinnati 1,155,071. The aggregate for the whole country will be given to the public in due time.

WHAT THE P. O. D. HAS DONE.

The Sixth Auditor reports to the Postmaster General that during the two years ending June 30, 1878, the receipts at all the postoffices from sales of stamps, etc., amounted to \$56,809,103, and the aggregate sum paid into the hands of postmasters for money-orders was \$158,154,625, and that all the money thus received was accounted for to the Department except \$3,041 now given up as "bad debts," and \$96,286 in suit against postmasters and their bondsmen. Of the latter amount it is estimated that one-half will be finally collected. But assuming the entire amount to be uncollectable, the total loss to the Government during the two years will be less than one-twentieth of one per cent.

WAR UPON THE LOTTERIES?

The war upon the lotteries has disclosed the fact that the Louisiana scheme is distanced by a rival in the Queen's Dominion's where both temporal and spiritual favors are secured by all who venture on the turn of a wheel. In this scheme

there are 200 chances. The object is the erection of a chapel in honor of Our Lady of Lourdes, St. Saviour of Quebec. The articles to be drawn are a threshing machine, a bust of the Pope, a cooking stove, a house and lot, an Infant Jesus and a sleigh, one thousand masses for the souls of benefactors and a gold watch. It is well that authority is given the Postmaster General to stop the transportation through the mails of obscene books and all lottery tickets.

Legals.

Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT having been made in the conditions of a certain Mortgage, whereby the power of sale therein contained has become operative, made and executed by Louisa W. Baker, D. T., to Ernest Baker and by assignment to James A. Remond, bearing date May 15, 1878, on which said mortgage there is due at the date of this notice, Four Hundred and ninety-six dollars.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of the Power of sale in said Mortgage, containing and of the Statute in such case made and provided, the Sheriff of Burleigh county or his Deputy will sell at Public Auction to the highest bidder on Saturday the 17th day of January, A. D. 1880, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the front door of the City Hall in the city of Bismarck, the premises described in said mortgage or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the sum of Four hundred and ninety-six dollars and the sum of fifty dollars at a year's fee, provided for in said mortgage, together with the costs allowed by law. Said above mentioned premises being described as follows: Lots thirteen, (13) fourteen, (14) and fifteen, (15) in Block Seventy-six, (76), according to the recorded plat thereof of the town of Bismarck, now on file in the office of the Register of Deeds of Burleigh county, Dakota Territory, also known as Williams' survey, of the west half of the North east quarter of Section four in township one hundred and thirty-eight of range eighty, together with all the appurtenances thereto belonging.

Dated Bismarck, D. T., Nov. 26, 1879.
JAMES A. REMOND,
Assignee of mortgage.

D. O. PRESTON,
Attorney for Assignee.

TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, Before
In Justice's Court, Geo. H. Glass,
County of Burleigh, Judge of the Peace.

P. M. Granberry and P. Leo, copartners, doing business under the firm name and style of Granberry & Leo, Plaintiffs, SUMMONS.

Mary Brown, Defendant.

The Territory of Dakota sends greeting to Mary Brown, Defendant.

You are hereby summoned to appear before me, at my office, in said county on the 10th day of January, A. D. 1880, at 10 o'clock a. m. to answer to the complaint of the above named plaintiffs, Granberry & Leo, who claim to recover of you the sum of Forty-eight Dollars and seven cents as principal and interest for goods, wares and merchandise sold and delivered to you by said plaintiffs at defendant's place of business, and you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer said complaint as above required, said plaintiffs will cause judgment to be rendered for the said amount of Forty-eight Dollars and seven cents, together with costs and damages.

Given under my hand this 24th day of November, A. D. 1879.
GEO. H. GLASS,
Justice of the Peace within and for Burleigh County, D. T.
A. D. PHARR, Atty for Pliffs.

Land Notices.

U. S. LAND OFFICE at Bismarck, D. T., October 24, 1879.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof at the expiration of thirty days from the date of this notice, viz: Oscar Swanson D. S. No. 135 for 1/4 Sec. 14, E. 1/4, E. 1/4 of S. W. 1/4, Sec. 26, T. 1 N. R. 78, and names the following as his witnesses, viz: Wm. A. Holmback, John Murry, and Patrick Murry, of Burleigh Co., D. T.

PETER MANTON, Register.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, BISMARCK, D. T., NOV. 11, 1879.

Complaint having been entered at this office by William A. Carr against Samuel D. Sturgis for abandoning his homestead entry No. 85 dated May 10, 1879, upon the 1/2 Sec. 14, E. 1/4, E. 1/4 of S. W. 1/4, Sec. 26, T. 1 N. R. 78, Range 81, and names the following as his witnesses, viz: James Brown, Plentiful A. Granberry and Joseph Ardion, of Burleigh County.

PETER MANTON, Register.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, BISMARCK, D. T., NOV. 11, 1879.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof at the expiration of thirty days from the date of this notice, viz: John R. Granberry, Preemption D. S. No. 223 for 1/4 Sec. 14, E. 1/4, E. 1/4 of S. W. 1/4, Sec. 26, T. 1 N. R. 78, Range 81, and names the following as his witnesses, viz: James Brown, Plentiful A. Granberry and Joseph Ardion, of Burleigh County.

PETER MANTON, Register.

Proposals for Court-house and Jail.

NOTICE is hereby given that sealed proposals for building a court-house and jail in accordance with the plans, specifications, and details now on file in the office of the County Clerk of Burleigh County, at Bismarck, D. T., will be received until January 1, 1880 at 8 p. m. Bids will be opened and passed upon by the Board at their regular meeting on the 15th day of December, 1879, at 10 o'clock a. m. to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

The building must be completed by September 1, 1880. The building will be of brick. The Board of County Commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the Board of County Commissioners.
J. H. RICHARDS, Clerk.
Bismarck, D. T., Aug. 21, 1879.

Experience Necessary.

Experience in every branch of business enters success. Inventors who secure the services of attorneys familiar with Patents, and the practice of the Patent office make sure of obtaining Patents. The same rule applies in all Contested Mineral and Land Claims brought before the General Land Office.

Presbrey & Green, 509 Seventh street, Washington, D. C., have 50 years of experience in practice in all Departments of the Government (Send stamp for information.)

DO NOT FAIL to send for our NEW PRICE LIST. More complete than ever. Contains descriptions of every thing required for personal or family use, with over 1000 Illustrations. Send us your wants. We will do it. We sell all goods at wholesale prices in quantities to suit the purchaser. The only institution in America who make this their special business. Address, MONTGOMERY WARD & CO., 227 & 229 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

A GOOD PLAN. Combining and operating many parts of one and same has ever a advantage capital, with skillful management. Let us show you. We have a plan for 1879 to 1880. Circular, with full particulars how to proceed, sent on request. LAWRENCE & CO., 14 Exchange Place, New York.

THE THANKSGIVING TABLE

CRUMBS GATHERED AFTER THE FEAST BY THE "TRIBUNE."

Fatted Festive Fowl, Foully Fleeced for Feeding Famished Families—Follicious Festivities.

Cold, clear and half an inch of snow.

Dunn & Co., Druggists, No. 92 Main Street.

Joe Hare's English plum pudding was immense.

Whitney has new talent and is giving just as good shows as ever.

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic has become quite a popular beverage.

The tariff on the government telegraph lines will be reduced soon.

A steam pump and a dozen hand pumps are at the Macleod.

Dunn & Co. have received a very fine assortment of Diaries for 1880.

The transfer at the Point is still running, the channel being clear.

The Vincent Combination benefit netted the Episcopal Society \$30.

Stumpson's new branch store in Mandan is one of the finest in the village.

The Sisters' new school building is being enclosed. It will be a fine building.

The amateur Pinafore troupe are rehearsing preparatory to a public entertainment.

Gus Peters and Mlle. LeElla are advertised at Conley's, St. Paul, as stars of the first magnitude.

Bismarck flour is good but it ought to be advertised more. Major Walker, for one, keeps it.

Lucy, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Carpenter, of Deadwood, died a few days ago.

The reopening of the Headquarters hotel at Fargo, will be inaugurated with a grand ball Dec. 8th.

E. Menkus, the Third street dry goods man, is closing out his stock preparatory to leaving for the Hills.

About thirty persons were present at a rehearsal at the residence of Col. E. M. Brown, Tuesday evening.

Since the gay and festive steamboatmen have left Bismarck shows up very few last horses. Look out for spring.

The Bismarck flour is pronounced as worth twenty five cents per sack more than any other kind in the market.

Stimpson announces that he has a candy man on his way to this city to take charge of his new candy factory.

A new stage line to Point Pleasant has been established. It is operated by Geo. Peoples & Co. See their time cards.

The stocks of holiday goods are beginning to arrive and soon the small boy will begin his annual ten cent horn medley.

H. H. Wilson, Minnesota's abstract king, inventor of Wilson's system, is writing up a set of abstracts for John A. Stoyell.

Fargo and Deadwood merchants are among the best advertisers in the land, and they are happy and of course making money.

The Deadwood Times says the Bismarck Stage Line brings into Deadwood over a thousand pounds of fish and oysters daily.

A Bismarck steamboatman was in the police court, St. Paul, last week claiming to have been robbed of \$500. Bad company.

A large bill is at the freight depot for the Congregational church at Central City. That city has good metal and is growing fast.

J. W. Raymond will go into the cattle business quite extensively next season, choosing the Yellowstone valley as a field of operation.

Citizens have complained of the boy nuisance in the postoffice lobby evenings and the city marshal has been called upon to take a seat on the little rowdies.

The hack started off the other day without a driver. Miss Susan Smith was in the hack and discovering the absence of the driver jumped out and stopped the team. No row escape.

Among the subscribers to the Miles City Hook and Ladder fund Emma Richmond, Cora Williams, Kate Hardman, Clara Childen and Nellie Reynolds are down for five dollars each.

L. N. Grubb has moved the building in the rear of the Merchants, formerly occupied by Gould & Dahl, to make room for the back part of the Capitol which will be added to the Merchants.

Jackman and John Leasure are the boss deer hunters. (Compositor please see that deer is spelled right.) They went out Sunday afternoon and came in Monday with three deer and sixty chickens.

Col. O. H. Moore, one of the Reno Court, left for Fort Meade Tuesday evening. The Reno case ought to be "fired out of the court," as the Deadwood Times remarks, and probably will be.

As evidence of how the people in this city live, Chas. Kupitz, the successor of Hallett & Keating, sold over three tons of poultry for Thanksgiving, paying over \$150 for express on poultry alone Wednesday.

The Rapid City Journal says a scheme has been organized to tunnel a hog back near Ross' bar on Rapid, that it is one of the best locations in the Hills—one of the richest and must result in great gain.

Ross, it will be remembered, was chief of Custer's miners who started the wedge that finally opened the Black Hills and this was his first location.

The guess cake which was won at the Episcopal oyster festival by Henry Ward and Col. Lounsbury, was by them presented to Mrs. Whitney, its daughter, who sent it to Mrs. Miller, wife of the rector, with the compliments of Mr. and Mrs. Whitney. The cake and holder weighed nine pounds. Both of the eminent guessers suggested that figure.

The Fargo correspondent of the Pioneer Press says Geo. Pfister, a relic of Waterloo, recently sent from the Sixth

Infantry to the Soldiers' Home, Washington, claimed to have been robbed in Bismarck. His money not needed for current expenses was put into money orders, payable at Washington, and that for his current expenses was given to trusty attendants. Lieut. Day, of the Sixth, came over to Bismarck to see him off safely. He wasn't robbed of a cent at Bismarck.

Mr. J. Mathier, of the firm of Mathier, Good & Schumier, clothiers, St. Paul, will be in the city soon with his samples. This firm make excellent fits in the way of clothing.

The Jamestown Alert says: "One of the handsomest farms in the Jamestown valley is that located by County Clerk Vennum and A. McKenzie, two miles south of Jamestown."

The Fargo Daily Argus says: "A telegram from Casselton reports the arrest of a portion of the gang of wheat thieves who have been infesting that section. Sheriff Haggart has gone to the front, and the whole lot may soon be bagged."

The Brainerd Tribune says Fred Lowe's legs were both amputated by Dr. Hagan, of St. Paul, and Dr. Kossler, by the new bloodless process. The operation was deferred as long as there was any hope of saving life without amputation. Mortification and a high fever had set in.

Wanted.
Everybody in this upper country to know that if we cannot fit you from our ready made stock that we will make to order a suit for twenty-five per cent less than any house west of Chicago. Look at samples and fashions before ordering elsewhere at the S. P. B. C. H.

Shawls, Shawls. All wool double shawls and Shetland Shawls at **W. B. WATSON'S.**

Examine J. H. Marshall's stock of Plymouth Gloves before purchasing.

Jewelry
Of all kinds for the Holidays cheap at **FRANK KRIST'S.**

Grand Opening of Christmas Goods this week at
W. A. HOLLEMBAEK'S

Elegant display of Ladies' Hats at **DAN EISENBERG'S**

To Rent or for Sale.
The saloon building on Fourth Street, formerly occupied by Chris Gilson. Apply to **McLEAN & MACNIDER.**

Furs, Furs at **DAN EISENBERG'S.**

Cigarettes.
All the popular and best brands at **W. A. HOLLEMBAEK'S.**

Fresh Mutton,
Fresh Pork,
Fresh Veal,
Fresh Beef,
Fresh Venison,
Fresh Turkeys,
Fresh Geese,
Fresh Chickens,
Fresh Ducks at
CHAS. KUPITZ.

To Parents.
We can dress your boys in suits and overcoats from four years up to any age desired; our assortment in these goods is more extensive than there has heretofore been shown in this far western metropolis. Come or send your orders to the **S. P. B. C. H.**

Ladies and Gentlemen do not fail to see the elegant display of Holiday Goods at **DAN EISENBERG'S.**

Tobacco.
Best Brands of Plug and Fine Cut, and Choice Cigars at **W. A. HOLLEMBAEK'S.**

OYSTERS. OYSTERS.
Booth's Oysters by the case or can, Moore & Brady's Deep Sea Oysters fresh every night at **CHAS. KUPITZ.**

WARRANTED FRESH.
Good cellar room for rent by **DR. BENTLEY.**

500 Pieces Ton Ton and Plain Ribbons at
W. B. WATSON'S.

Dissolution Notice.
The Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm name of Meserve & Co., consisting of W. A. Meserve and John A. Stoyell, is hereby dissolved. W. A. Meserve and James A. Emerson will pay all debts of said firm and collect all sums due the same under the firm name of **MESERVE & CO.**

Christmas Goods.
Before selecting examine the complete assortment at **W. A. HOLLEMBAEK'S.**

Go to J. H. Marshall's for a No. 1 German Sock.

For Holiday Presents go to **DAN EISENBERG'S.**

Hand-knit Wool Jackets, Dresses, Leggings, Nubias, Wristlets, etc and a full line of fine Ladies' Underwear at
W. B. WATSON'S.

Canadian style of Boot Pack at **J. H. MARSHALL'S.**

The Very Purest
Wines, Whiskies and Liqueurs of all kinds in any quantity at **W. A. HOLLEMBAEK'S.**

New Cider.
Try it. Best Sweet Cider in the market at **CHAS. KUPITZ.**

Elegant assortment of Meerschaum Pipes, Cigar and Cigarette Holders, etc., at **HOLLEMBAEK'S.**

A Genuine German Mitten at **J. H. MARSHALL'S.**

Holiday Goods at **DAN EISENBERG'S.**

A New Assortment of Burt & Bear's Hand-sewed Shoes and Gaiters at **J. H. MARSHALL'S.**

Fine assortment of Fine-tooth Combs, Hair Brushes, etc. at **HOLLEMBAEK'S.**

Found.
On Heart River, two ponies, one roan with white face, shed in front, with halter on, one bay branded "F. H." and "L. O." with picket

line attached. Owner can have the same by calling on Alva Proctor, proving property and paying charges. 27-29

Jewell's History and Directory of Bismarck \$1.00.

Money to Loan. **F. J. CALL.**

Soused Pigs Feet and Tripe at **CHAS. KUPITZ.**

Window Glass,
All sizes and out to order at **W. A. HOLLEMBAEK'S.**

Money to Loan.
Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers. **M. P. SLATTERY,**
Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

Full assortment of Ladies' and Misses' Furs at Special Bargains at
W. B. WATSON'S.

New Buckwheat Flour at **CHAS. KUPITZ.**

Toilet Articles,
Perfumery, of all kinds, etc. at **W. A. HOLLEMBAEK'S.**

Lemons and all kinds of fresh Fruit, Peas, Grapes, Apples, etc., at **CHAS. KUPITZ.**

Protect your Eyes
and save expense by obtaining Lamp Shades at **W. A. HOLLEMBAEK'S.**

Sheriff's Sale.
NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the District Court of Burleigh County, D. T., on a judgment rendered therein in an action where in John A. McLean was plaintiff and Ansey Gray and Mrs. Ansey Gray were defendants against the goods and chattels and lands of the said defendants, I have levied upon the right title and interest which the said defendants had on the ninth day of May, 1879, in and to the following described personal property to wit:

One secretary or writing desk
One breakfast table
One parlor stool
One parlor chair
Two bureaus
One Students lamp
One camp chair
One door mat
One set window curtains
Three feather pillows
One comforter
One spring mattress
Three blankets
One bed spread
One parlor chair
One parlor stool
One rug
Four matting
One rocking chair
Two parlor chairs
Two can seat chairs
One oval stand
One bed mattress and spring
One students lamp
Three feather pillows
One comforter
Three woolen blankets
One mattress
One bed spread
One parlor chair
One stool
One rug
One trunk and contents
Five pictures
One crumper
One bedstead, mattress, washstand
One fireproof safe
One clothes wringer
Two cane bottom chairs
One rocking chair
All of which I shall expose for sale and sell to the highest bidder at the front door of Engine Hall so called in the City of Bismarck, D. T., being the place where said District Court was last held
On the twenty-ninth day of December, 1879, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.
ALEXANDER MCKENZIE,
Sheriff Burleigh County, D. T.
STOYELL & BALL, Plaintiff's Att'ys.
Dated Nov. 28th, 1879. 27-33

BUY THE CELEBRATED Spring Tooth Harrow, FOR YOUR EARLY SEEDING.
J. G. MILLER,
Agent in Burleigh County, for
BENSON, BATES & CO.,
Manufacturers, St. Paul, Minn.

SERVICES AT THE CITY HALL, SUNDAY, NOV. 30.
Theme for morning discourse
"LAW."
Subject of Evening Discourse, "Human Need of Divine Help." Services begin at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. All are lovingly invited.
J. M. BULL,
Pastor M. E. Church.

AUSTIN LOGAN, CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES and BAKERY.
Third Street, Bismarck, D. T. The choicest goods at the lowest prices. 1517

Day & Plants, Watchmakers and Jewelers.
Also dealers in all kinds of

SEWING MACHINES.
W. H. W. COMER.
Proprietor
TONSorial PARLORS,
Main Street, next to Merchants Bank.
Hair-Cutting and Shampooing
A Specialty. Hot and Cold Baths. 4

Wm. Glitschka, Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Candy, Fruit, Crockery Glass Ware, and Stoneware. Opposite Post Office. 4

SEND TO F. G. RICH & Co., Portland, Me., for best Agency Business in the World. Expensive outfit free.

McLEAN & MACNIDER Wholesale Grocers.

Sole Agents for Schlitz's Export Beer and Peasley's Ale and Porter.
Main St., - - BISMARCK, D. T.

W. A. HOLLEMBAEK, Druggist and Fancy Goods, BISMARCK, D. T.

W. B. WATSON, DRY GOODS, AND NOTIONS, 98 MAIN STREET.

J. W. RAYMOND & CO., WHOLESALE GROCERS, BISMARCK, D. T.

JOHN LUDEWIG, DEALER IN Clothing, Boots and Shoes, FURNISHING GOODS, Groceries, Provisions, Tobaccos, Cigars & Smokers' Goods. GOODS SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES. 98 Main Street, - - - Bismarck, D. T.
New Stock, New Store and Low Prices. Call and examine and see for yourselves. 2017

CHICAGO HIDE HOUSE. CASH PAID FOR Hides, Furs, Wool & Tallow. Oberne, Hosick & Co., BISMARCK, - - DAKOTA. Main House 131, 133 & 135 Kinzie St. CHICAGO, ILL.

Branch Houses:
Omaha 236 & 238 Harney St.
Lincoln, Neb., 12 South 10th St.
Cheyenne, Wyoming, 17th St.
Ottumwa, Iowa, 30 Main St.
Des Moines Iowa, Walnut & Second Sts.
Junction City, Kansas, South 7th St.
Sioux City, Iowa, Pearl St.
Pueblo, Colorado.
Bismarck, Dakota.

A SURE CURE FOR CATARRH
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IN NIAGARA CANYON.

An Exciting Adventure which Befel Three Schoolboys—A Good Place for Timid People To Avoid.

The canyon of the Niagara river is almost as terrific a sight as the falls themselves, and the three gentlemen who recently undertook to sound the depth of the water below the falls, found the task of climbing up the steep walls of the canyon difficult and dangerous. The printed account of their adventure has called forth the following letter from a New York Evening Post correspondent:

The letter to the Syracuse Standard concerning the canyon of the Niagara calls to mind an incident that happened near the same place three years ago, when I was a teacher at De Veaux College. The members of the engineering party, spoken of in the Standard could not have been familiar with the canyon, or they would have found a way of ascent sooner. About a mile, by the road, below De Veaux College, in a wild, romantic gorge, is a rather deep cave known as the Devil's Hole. Here, by means of a stairway and a path, the descent from the top of the bank to the Niagara river is comparatively easy and safe. This place used to be visited by the tourist, but as the hackman got no extra fee for carrying persons thither the place now is scarcely known. Halfway between the Devil's Hole and the Whirlpool at De Veaux there is a place called the Ladders, where by means of a rickety ladder and the roots of trees a good climber can get from top to bottom without much difficulty. By remembering these three places—the Devil's Hole, the Ladders and the Whirlpool—as the only means of communication between the river and the upper regions in this canyon, the incident which I have to tell will be better understood.

Saturday is a half holiday at De Veaux, and unless a boy has greatly misbehaved he can go off bounds on that day. It is generally enjoyed in excursions to the falls and the romantic spots around the river. One Saturday that autumn I was master of the day, and when the report of absent ones was handed me at the supper table I noticed the names of three of the smaller boys, Kelley, Park and Very. They were new boys, all three of them, and sat at my table. I asked the boys near me whether they knew anything about them or not. It was thought they had gone down the road toward the Devil's Hole. Supper was over and yet they did not appear. The boys marched into evening school, and three of the larger boys were just starting to hunt the missing ones when two of them came in. Park and Very. Mark's clothes were torn and muddy. Very had a horrible-looking face, bruised black and blue, and very bloody. They were so tired and frightened that neither of them could say a word. "Where is Kelley? Where is Kelley?" This only made them the more excited. It was only by degrees that we found out that they had been down to the river near the Devil's Hole to play and to hunt fossils, and that, at the suggestion of Kelly, they had undertaken to return by the river along the rocks to the Whirlpool Stairs. They got along well at first. Then it grew darker. After a number of serious falls down the rocks, and eager crawling up again, they came up the Ladders. They did not know whether this would lead them; but so rejoiced were they to get a little higher that they clutched the rotten rounds up, up, up, and then the roots of the trees, still higher and higher, not daring to look back, and with heartful of joy they at last recognized the woods and the level lands. They could not rejoice in their own escape without thinking of poor Kelley. Then they lived over again all they had gone through the two or three hours before. Without Kelley they feared to go back to De Veaux, but the dark night and their bruises hurried them along.

"But where is Kelley?"
"I don't know!" they both cried.
"He went down!"
Then came a sobbing period.
"Into the water!"
"I don't know. We could not see him."

"Was it very steep? Did he go into the river?"
"Yes—I don't know."
This was all we could learn about poor Kelley. The larger boys then started with lantern and horn, and were to go along the top of the bank blowing the horn and swinging the lantern to give the boy some encouragement in case he should see, or the roaring river should allow him to hear the horn. The night was too black to attempt a descent at either of the three places mentioned.

Park and Very washed off the dirt and blood, and after supper they looked better and felt better, but were not disposed to talk as much as they usually were. There was not much study in school that night. There was no disposition to talk or "cut up." Kelley's empty seat made every boy think of him. Some of the small boys who sat near Kelley had to be sent out, they were so restless. In the dormitories the masters were asked: "Do you think he is dead?" "Is he drowned?" "Have they found him?" "I can't go to sleep in Kelley's dormitory," the small boys were crying. At ten o'clock the three large boys returned, but without a clew. At eleven o'clock the clouds broke, the moon came up, and it was almost daylight. The President, who had returned from Buffalo, gave orders to have the upper school turned out to scour the rocks, the boys in the lowest dormitories to remain in bed. The hunting party was divided into three squads, each under the command of a master. One squad was to descend the rocks by the Whirlpool, another by the ladders and the other at the Devil's Hole. They started off rather hopefully under the bright sky. With each party was some refreshment

for the lost boy, chicken and a little brandy. The Devil's Hole party took a wagon down the road with a litter, mattress and blankets.

The Ladder squad was the successful one. Within a few feet of the loud and terrible river, under shadow of an immense rock, they found Kelley, who, when night set in, had buttoned his coat tightly, coiled himself up and taking things calmly, had gone to sleep. The note of the bugler awoke him as from a dream. With a happy smile he met the master and the bugler. With a hearty "Thank you" he took the chicken and with it a little brandy, and was then able to scramble up the rocks, climb the Ladders and walk to De Veaux. He was not hurt at all. It appeared that he had slipped on a treacherous shale bed, and legs foremost, had slid down the seventy-three feet, landing at the bottom with scarcely a bruise. The Ladder squad returned with the hero of the night, and made the whole household happy. The other squads did not return till nearly daybreak. The next day was a joyful Sunday. A week later two strong, large boys and myself undertook to walk from the Whirlpool to the Devil's Hole over the rocks to return by the road. We wanted to have the grand views and to see how long it would take us to make the trip. We started immediately after dinner, and did not get back till supper was over. We stopped occasionally to rest and to admire the wonderful rock pictures, which nearly every one misses who visits Niagara Falls. We had some thrilling descents, and came near losing one of our party, but we did not have the story to tell that Kelley, Park and Very did.

The Most Married of Women.

Benjamin Abbott, one of our old citizens, died in this town Saturday last in the 82d year of his age. He was a nephew of the celebrated Rev. Benjamin Abbott, the great Methodist revivalist of the early part of this century, and came to this State from New Jersey when a young man and settled in the "Neck," east of this town, where his active life was mostly spent. But the notable feature in Mr. Abbott's otherwise uneventful life is the remarkable fact of being the seventh husband of his widow, who survives him. This much-talked-of and much-published event (for it went the rounds of the press of the nation), when he for the second and she for the seventh time bowed before the altar of Hymen, occurred on June 30, 1875, he then being 78 and she 82 years old. Mrs. Abbott's history in the marital relations of life stands perhaps without a parallel in the records of the nation, and tradition has it there is to be yet another. It is currently stated, without contradiction, that some years ago she had a vision, in which eight men stood before her in a peculiarly impressive manner, which she has ever regarded as prophetic of the number of conquests she was to make. The eighth is just as likely and as reasonable as the seventh, and already public gossip is beginning to mark this and that man as the victim of the next conquest. Her maiden name was Williams, and she has been successively Mrs. Truax, Mrs. Riggs, Mrs. Farrow, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Berry, Mrs. Pratt and Mrs. Abbott. In every instance, save the first, she married widowers, some of them with a good number of children, and on one occasion, in her early married life, she went to the almshouse and took therefrom three children and raised them. She never had any children of her own. All her life has been spent in this vicinity, and all her husbands were buried by the same undertaker.—*Smyna (Del.) Times.*

A Terrible Suicide.

The Frankfurter Zeitung reports an appalling case of suicide which occurred at Edmodam, and which recalls in its features ancient tragedy. A farmer named Hoffinger had two sons. The elder fell in love with the servant-maid, but had to join his regiment as a soldier and serve his three years with the colors. On his return home he discovered that his brother had supplanted him in the affections of the maid. He conjured her to allow old relations to be re-established, but she refused. He threatened to commit suicide, but she laughed at him. Some days later she went so far as to taunt him with cowardice, declaring she did not believe he could muster courage enough to drown himself in the neighboring lake. He answered that he would not drown himself, but would take away his life in a manner which would make her hair stand on end. One morning while his parents and sisters were at church, he took a young horse from the stable, fastened a rope securely to him, and bound the end of the rope around his own body. He then put a lighted slow match into the ear of the poor animal, which naturally started off, and mad with pain dragged the unfortunate Hoffinger after him in all directions, finally plunging into the Seekirchner lake. Later in the day the two bodies were found in the lake still fastened together. Hoffinger's was so fearfully shattered and mutilated as to be quite beyond recognition.

A Struggle for Existence with Rats.

The plague of rats in the Deccan for the second season in succession is occasioning serious alarm. The animals overspread the country like locusts, destroy the crops almost as thoroughly, and are even more difficult to keep down. So grave had become the aspect of affairs that a "Rat committee" was appointed to inquire into the best means of disposing of the creatures. They went thoroughly into the question, after the manner of Committees in India, and their recommendations are carefully tabulated. The people are to be induced to turn out

en masse and face the enemy; rewards are to be offered for dead rats, and, in fact, the invasion is to be treated as a matter to be dealt with vigorously by the whole community. No great way will, however, be made until the same measures are adopted which are taken with rabbits in Australia when they become an unendurable nuisance. It has been found that the only successful plan is to block up all the holes which can be found. The difficulty in Australia is to obtain sufficient labor for this process. That difficulty is not likely to exist in Bombay, and a correspondent of a Bombay newspaper has already suggested that this plan be adopted. In the meantime the question has arisen as to how the rats have so increased and multiplied. This point can, however, be discussed with more calmness when they have some way been reduced to their former subordination.

TRAILING ARKUTUS.

BY ROSE TERRY.

Darlings of the forest!
Blossoms alone!
When earth's grief is sorest,
For her jewels gone—
Ere the last snow-drift melts, your tender
Buds have blown.

Tinged with color faintly,
Like the morning sky;
Or more pale and sandy,
Wrapped in leaves ye lie—
Even as child, on sleep, in faith's
Simplicity.

There the wild robin
Hymns your solitude;
And the rain comes sobbing
Through the budding wood,
While the low south wind sighs, but
Dare not be more rude.

Were your pure lips fashioned
Out of air and dew?
Starlight unimpassioned,
Dawn's most tender hue?
And scented by the woods that gathered
Sweets for you?

Farrest and most lovely,
From the world apart,
Made for beauty only,
Veiled from nature's heart,
With such unconscious grace, as makes
The dream of art.

Were not mortal sorrow,
An immortal shade,
Then would I to-morrow
Such a flower be made,
And live in the dear woods, where
My lost childhood played!

The Origin of Coal.

The received opinion that a vein of coal simply represents a mass of vegetation, which has been changed directly into that substance, is opposed by M. Fremy. Some time ago he adopted a synthetic measure to discover the real secret of the manner in which coal was produced, and his experiments appear to show that while fiber could not be converted into anything resembling coal, certain substances of vegetable origin, such as sugar, starch, gum, vasculose, etc., did admit of that conversion. An artificial coal made of these latter materials yielded tar, gas, water and coke, just like ordinary pit coal. Gum, inclosed with water in a sealed tube, and subjected to heat, was changed into a coal containing 78 per cent. of carbon, 5 per cent. of hydrogen, and 16 per cent. of oxygen. His conclusions are that coal is not the direct result of vegetable substances; that the impressions of plants sometimes found in it have been produced after the modification was established, and that there are two stages in its fermentation of peat, and the second of the transformation of aliphatic acid into a mineral fuel, under the joint action of heat and pressure.

European Railways.

In 1847, when the development of railway business was still in its infancy on the European continent, and lines existed only between the great national capitals, the Directors of the German railways formed an association for the purpose of establishing perfect harmony in the administration of their respective lines. In 1850 this association comprised representatives for thirty-seven lines; in 1878, for 110, the Austro-Hungarian, Italian, Dutch, and Scandinavian railways having joined in, and it has worked with great success, to the benefit both of the companies and the public. In several cases it has acted as a mediator between rival lines, and prevented an outbreak of that out-throat competition which generally is ruinous to the companies and detrimental to the public. It is also due to its efforts that a freight car can now be rolled from the southernmost point of Italy to the northernmost point of Jutland without unloading.

Aunt Rhody's Strange Revelation.

Aunt Rhody, our colored cook, who is truthful, honest and practically religious, was afflicted with a very severe inflammation of the eye and lids. She tried various remedies, but the eye got worse and the lids were swollen until she could not see out of that eye; besides, it caused her excruciating pain. A day or two ago she called our attention to the fact that her eye was well and the swelling and pain gone. Upon asking her how the relief came so suddenly, she said: "Yesterday I was out in the garden a pickin' round to git sumfin' fur dinner, when all of a sudden sumfin' said to me as plain as I'm speaking to you: 'Why don't you put some ol' blossoms on your eye and cure it?' It peared to me de Lord was a-doin' dat, so I got de blossoms an' steamed dem, making a kinder poultice like, den put 'em on my eye, an' bless de Lord, de pain was clean gone in a little or no time, an' de eye was done cured in about two hours."—*Griffin (Ga.) Sun.*

RECTOR's wife (severely): "Tommy Robinson, how is it you don't take your hat off when you meet me?" Tommy: "Well, marm, if I take off my hat to you, what be I to do when I meet the parson himself?"

CATARRH

THE EYE, EAR AND THROAT
Successfully Treated with
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SUCCESS is the test of merit, and success in the treatment of Catarrhal Affections, after so many miserable failures, means undoubted specific curative properties in the remedy used. **SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE** for Catarrh possesses such properties. The evidence, in the shape of unsolicited testimonials from the most respectable people in all stations of life, must be conclusive on this point. Avert, we believe, in the history of popular medicine, such valuable testimony has been offered, freely offered, in favor of any remedy than that in the possession of the proprietor of **SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE**. And valuable as it is, it does not represent a thousandth part of the recommendation which it has received from the regular medical profession, but about the publicity incidental to a published statement. Hence the testimonials in our possession represent but a small part of those withheld for the reason mentioned. The following unsolicited testimonial from **HENRY W. STOKES**, of Wells, Fargo & Co. Express, is an outspoken endorsement of which we are justly proud.

INVALUABLE.

Messrs. WELLS & PORTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.: *Gentlemen*—I have for some months felt it a duty that I owe to suffering humanity to write you, stating the great benefit that I have derived from the use of **SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE** for Catarrh. For more than 20 years I have been afflicted with this very troublesome complaint, and have tried all the remedies that I could find, but without material or permanent benefit. Last fall the disease had again broken out, and I felt that I must have relief or die. The entire membranous system had become so inflamed, and the stomach so disordered, that it was a doubtful matter whether I could go to the Pacific coast, or if I did go whether I should live to come back or not. I saw an advertisement of this medicine, and although being very incredulous about specifics or nostrums of any kind, yet in sheer desperation I tried this, and was at once benefited by it. The changes of climate, a chronic disease of the liver, and my age—over 70—may prevent my entire restoration, but the benefit I derive is so great, and I am so much relieved, and I am hoping to be completely cured, and at last arrive at a respectable old age.

If this statement of my case can be of any service to those afflicted as I have been, and enable you to bring this remedy into more general use, especially on the Pacific coast, where it is much needed, I will give in writing this note will be obtained.

Very truly yours, **HENRY W. STOKES**,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, of Wells, Fargo & Co.

Each package contains Dr. Sanford's Improved Inhalant Tube, with full directions for use in all cases. Price \$1.00. For sale by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists and Dealers throughout the United States and Canada. **WELLS & PORTER**, General Agents and Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

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ALWAYS CURES.

Enlarged Spleen.
This is a remedy that I have been using your **COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTER** for Enlargement of the Spleen and Depression in the Stomach, and they have given me more relief than any other remedy I have ever used. I would highly recommend them to all suffering from the effects of pain and inflammation.
J. W. SELLS.
PICKERIDGE, Mo., June 23, 1877.

Severe Pain.
Having occasion to use a remedy for a very severe pain in my side I tried one of your **COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS**, and in twenty-four hours the pain was entirely removed.
A. B. SAMMIS,
Asst. Cashier First Nat. Bank,
WINONA, Minn., June 19, 1877.

Weaknesses.
Collins' Voltaic Plasters give the best satisfaction here of anything that has been tried for lameness and weakness of the Back. Please send more right away.
DELYANT, ILL., June 15, 1877. JAMES LEWIS.

Price, 25 Cents.

Be careful to obtain **COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTER**, a combination of Electric and Voltaic Plates, with a highly medicated plaster, as seen in the above cut. Sold by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists throughout the United States and Canada, and by **WELLS & PORTER**, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

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Fifth Street near Main.

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Bread, Pies, Cakes, Green Fruits,

Confectionery, &c.

Good Choice and Fresh and Delivered Free to any point in the City.

THE NEW GIRL.

"Now, Charley, you'll be sure to remember?"

"To remember—what?" said Mr. Meredith, with a hopeless expression of insanity on his countenance. Kitty Meredith dropped both hands despairingly at her sides.

"Charles, you don't mean that you have forgotten it already?"

"My dear," said Mr. Meredith, fumbling in the deeps of his overcoat pockets for a missing glove, "I may not have forgotten, but I don't seem exactly to remember."

"The oysters?" suggested his wife.

"Oh, yes, the oysters," said Mr. Meredith.

"And two ounces of double zephyr scarf-wool."

"Exactly."

And the depot hack to be waiting at two o'clock for your cousin from Chicago.

Mr. Meredith slapped one hand on the table.

"She is coming to-day. I declare to goodness!" he ejaculated.

"And a dozen Havana oranges for dessert and two pounds of white grapes, and some of those delicious little Naples biscuit and macaroons, from Saltidelli's—oh, and let them send me up a girl from St. Charles!"

"A—whence?"

"A girl, you goose! for general housework. Phoebe went home this morning with the faceache, and I can't be left alone with the company coming and all. Mind she's a good cook and understands waiting at table."

And Mr. Meredith rushed off to catch the nine-thirty express with a kaleidoscope confusion of grapes, zephyr wool, depot hacks, oysters and servant-maids entering through his brain, which bod-ied ill for Mrs. Meredith's domestic plans.

While that lady, clasping both hands over her forehead in a sort of tragic despair, rushed down into the kitchen where a very good-looking young man of some two or three-and-twenty was on his knees in front of the range, trying to coax a most unwilling fire to burn. The good-looking young man glanced up with a comical sparkle in his eyes and a smear of soot traversing the bridge of his nose.

"Well?" said he.

"Tom," said Mrs. Meredith, hysterically, "can you make a lobster salad?"

"Like a book!" said Tom.

"And coffee?"

"I learned in Paris."

"Good," said Mrs. Meredith. "And I can make buttermilk biscuit—and between us, we'll get up a decent lunch for the young lady from Chicago! As for dinner—"

"Well!" again remarked the young man with the soot-besmeared nose.

"Providence must provide!" sighed the matron.

There's an old chintz colored rooster in the barnyard," said Tom, hopefully.

"If I could catch him I'd have a chicken stew."

"Tom," said Mrs. Meredith, "did you ever make a chicken stew?"

"No."

"Then you don't know what you're talking about," said the lady, with some asperity.

"Yes, I do, too," maintained the amateur Soyer. "Onions, potatoes, celery, pearl barley, with a pinch of salt, and—"

"Nonsense!" interrupted Mrs. Meredith. "Do pick that lobster out of its shell and give offromancing! You're a deal better at poetry and newspaper sketches than you are in the kitchen; though to be sure," with a twinge of conscience, "goodness knows what I should do without you just in this particular emergency, you dear old darling."

The lobster was only half picked out of the shell, the buttermilk biscuit was still unmixed, and Mrs. Meredith, with a pocket handkerchief tied around her pretty brown hair, was dusting the little drawing-room when there came a ring at the door-bell. She put her turbaned head out of the window after a most unceremonious fashion.

"Who's there," she demanded, in a high contralto.

"Does Mrs. Meredith live here?" retorted a woman's voice. And at the same moment the young matron caught sight of a neat black leather bag, a black upaca dress and a shawl of the plainest Highland plaid.

"It's the new girl, thank Providence!" said Mrs. Meredith; and she flew down stairs, thanking honest Charley in her heart for this unexpected promptitude. "Come in," said she opening the door wide. "I am glad you are so punctual, my good girl. From St. Charles Intelligence Bureau, I suppose? No, don't take off your things up here—the servants' room is below stairs; you may as well come directly down into the kitchen."

She led the way down, followed by the new girl, whose countenance bore rather a bewildered expression.

"What's your name?" she asked patronizingly.

"My name? Oh, it's Martha," answered the girl, in some confusion.

"Martha?" critically repeated Mrs. Meredith. "What an ugly name! I think I shall call you Patty. Have you references?"

"I—I believe so."

"I think," said Mrs. Meredith, surveying her from top to toe, "that you are a little over-dressed for your station, Patty; but of course you have some plainer clothes in your trunk when it comes?"

The stranger lifted a pair of gray blue eyes to the tall form, girded around with a towel, who was vigorously wrestling with the claws of a stupendous lobster at the table beyond.

"Do you keep a man cook, ma'am?" said she.

Mrs. Meredith drew herself up. "Cer-

tainly not," said she. "This is my brother, Mr. Selwyn, who is kindly assisting me to make a salad."

"But he is not doing it right," said the new girl. "He'll never get the meat out of the shell in that way. Let me show you, Mr. Selwyn."

And with deft fingers she loosened the luscious white fiber from the scarlet shell in a manner that made Mr. Selwyn cry "Bravo!"

"And now, Patty," said Mrs. Meredith, "I will show you where the things are, and leave you to get up a nice lunch as you can for half past two o'clock; we are expecting my husband's cousin from Chicago, and I want everything in perfect order."

"I'll finish the salad," said Tom, who had secretly been observing the pretty face and trim figure of the new domestic, "now that I've commenced it. But you needn't look so perturbed, Patty, if that's your name. I'll be careful not to get in your way. And you can ask my sister if I'm not a handy sort of a fellow around the kitchen."

Kitty shook her head surreptitiously at Tom behind the screen. Tom resolutely affected not to perceive the warning gesture.

Half an hour afterward he came up to the dining-room, where Mrs. Meredith was arranging her best lilac-and-gold china.

"Kitty," said he, "she's a jewel! A gem of the first water! Depend upon it she's not always worked in the kitchen, I quoted Shakespeare *apropos* of some thing or other. I don't remember what, and she recognized the grand old words at once—her eyes brightened, and you should have seen the color come into her cheeks!"

"I don't believe in high life below stairs," said Mrs. Kitty, disdainfully.

The lunch came up at half-past two in perfect order, but no cousin from Chicago arrived—no depot-hack rolled up to the door.

"How provoking!" said Kitty. "Miss Meredith must have missed some essential connecting train. Charley will be so vexed? But, however, I don't so much mind company coming in at any time now that I have such an excellent girl!"

The dinner of daintily roasted quails and rabbit, fricasee, with a dessert of custard and jelly, was duly served at precisely seven, at which hour Mr. Meredith bounced in, hot and flushed with the haste he had made.

"Where is she?" cried he.

"Where is who?" said Kitty.

"My cousin from Chicago!"

"Oh!" said Kitty, "she hasn't come!"

"Not come?"

"No."

Mr. Meredith drew a long sigh of mingled regret and relief.

"Then, after all, it's not so unlucky," said he.

"What's not so unlucky!" petulantly demanded his wife. "My dear Charles, you are expressing yourself altogether in riddles."

"That I forgot all about the oysters, and the zephyr wool and the servant girl."

"Forgot?"

"Yes—forgot. Isn't that plain English enough?"

"But you did not forget, you sent her. She is here now, in the kitchen."

Mr. Meredith stared. "I've sent no one," said he. "Never thought of the girl from that moment to this. I give you my word of honor!"

"Then, who did send her?" slowly ejaculated Kitty.

"Ring the bell!" said Mr. Meredith. "Let's have her up! Who knows but what she's one of those regular women, with an eye to the forks and spoons!"

And as he spoke he jerked the bell cord with some energy.

In a minute or so the new girl came up, smiling and coqueting. Mr. Meredith uttered an exclamation of amazement.

"Why, it's Martha Meredith!" shouted he. "It's my cousin from Chicago!"

And he clasped her in his arms, with shower of kisses that made honest Tom's hair stand on end.

"I wish she was my cousin from Chicago," uttered he, in a stage aside.

Kitty turned as scarlet as a pepper pod.

"Oh, good gracious!" she cried, clasping her hands nervously, "and I took her for the cook!"

"And I am a cook—when occasion requires, Cousin Kitty! said pretty Martha Meredith, making her peace with a kiss. "Don't be vexed with me for humoring the joke—indeed, I could not help it. And I'll show you how to make these *meringues glaces* and the Neapolitan creams to-morrow!"

And they all sat happily down to the roast quail and fricaseed rabbits—and Kitty and Martha went together to the intelligence bureau on the morrow and established a damsel in the kitchen, who was not at all incongruous to her surroundings!

And Tom leaning over his sister's shoulder whispered, waggishly:

"Didn't I tell you she was a gem of the first water?"

A citizen of Syracuse who weighs 300 pounds has a pet cat that sometimes exhausts his good nature. Last Sunday night when he went to bed the cat followed him to his sleeping room, and not wishing the cat to remain in the same room over night, he placed it in an adjoining one, separated from his by a partition that does not reach to the ceiling. Citizen and cat both went to sleep, but at four in the morning the citizen was awakened by a heavy object falling on his face. It was that cat which had climbed to the top of the partition and jumped. Getting up he put the cat in the adjoining room a second time and went to sleep. But the cat found its way to the top of the partition once more, and once more it jumped squarely down on

the citizen's face, carrying two glass globes along after it. Then up rose the offended citizen, and all in his sleeping robe he found his way to the front door, cat in hand, and across the way he threw that cat. An innocent passer-by was astonished—not more by the cat's transit than by the round, white and stately figure he saw in the pale light at the doorway.

Add as You Are Able.

A venerable and distinguished Bishop once advised a body of ministers as follows: "Owe no man more than you are able to pay; and permit no man to owe you more than you are able to lose." A rational application of this advice would divest the credit system of many, if not of all its objectionable features. Consistent with the first part of the exhortation, young men—and older ones as well—are admonished to be content with a gradual addition to their property of any kind. If one has not the money to spare for much, let him confine himself to the little. After a while he can easily venture on another part; and, after waiting and earning, on still another and another, and another, either paying as he goes, or surely avoiding heavy indebtedness. Do not attempt too much at once. Do what you can afford this time; and put off the other things to another time. Don't try to build too much and too fast. Don't buy at once all the furniture you would like to see in your house. Improve and increase your implements and stock by degrees. A little that is paid for is far better than much that you owe for. Debt, bankruptcy and distress come often from burdening the present for the sake of the future. It is easier to pay little debts every now and then, than to pay a large debt at one time. All who have tried them know that large debts are costly and unpleasant things.

Why Americans "Bolt."

It is especially remarkable that in the United States the ordinary food of the people is better in quality and more respectably cooked than among the masses of any other country, and the Americans are known to masticate their food very imperfectly—in short, to "bolt" it. This habit of bolting is probably itself due to the general excellence of the food supply, coupled with the restlessly busy temperament of the people. Now, it is curious that in the United States the degeneration of the wisdom teeth has gone further than in any European country; that the jaws are almost always abnormally short; that the lower jaw is apt to be rather "under-hung;" and that, as Mr. Brace assures Mr. Darwin, "it is becoming quite a common practice to remove some of the molar teeth of children," as the jaw does not grow large enough to hold the proper number. To these peculiarities we must attribute in great part the commonness of the hatchet-face in America.—*The New Quarterly Review.*

The Physical Value of Singing.

Singing is one of the healthiest exercises in which men, women and children can engage. The *Medical Wochenschrift*, of St. Petersburg, has an article based upon exhaustive researches made by Prof. Monassein during the autumn of 1878, when he examined 222 singers ranging between the ages of 9 and 53. He laid chief weight upon the growth and absolute circumference of the chest, upon the comparative relation of the latter to the tallness of the subject, and upon the pneumato-metric and spirometric condition of the singer. It appears to be an ascertained fact from Dr. Monassein's experiments that the relative, and even the absolute, circumference of chest is greater among singers than among those who do not sing, and that it increases with the growth and age of the singer. The professor even says that singing may be placed physically as the antithesis of drinking spirituous liquors. The latter hinders, while the former promotes.

Bullion Product.

The bullion product of the United States for the first half of the year 1879, has been estimated at nearly \$35,000,000, as follows:

California	\$ 8,415,700
Nevada	12,370,300
Oregon	284,200
Washington Territory	27,600
Idaho Territory	606,600
Montana Territory	2,031,000
Utah Territory	2,571,700
Colorado	5,955,000
New Mexico Territory	226,500
Arizona Territory	910,000
Dakota Territory	1,650,000
Total	\$34,778,300

The proportion of gold and silver in the above total may be stated as follows:

Value of gold	\$15,060,600
Value of silver	17,000,000
Value of lead	2,717,800
Total	\$34,778,300

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MENU.

Bismarck, D. T., Thanksgiving, Nov. 27, 1879.

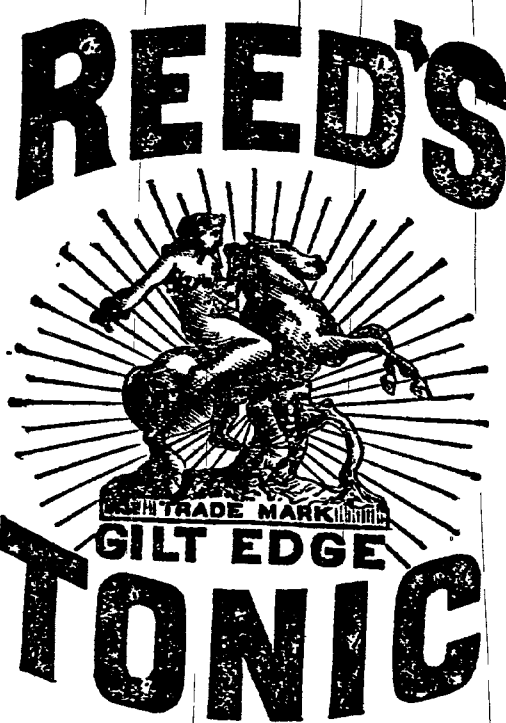
SOUP.			
Giblet.	Puric of Tomatoes.	Florentine of Rice.	
FISH.			
Baked Trout, Oyster Sauce.	White Fish with Butter Sauce.	Barbecued Trout.	
BOILED.			
Leg of Mutton, Caper sauce.	Boiled Mutton, Mint Sauce.		
Chicken with Egg Sauce.	Corn Beef and Cabbage.		
Ham.	Tongue.	Codfish with Drawn Butter Sauce.	Heart.
COLD.			
Tongue.	Heart.	Ham.	Corn Beef.
Mutton.	Veal.	Chicken.	Turkey.
Lobster Salad.	Potato Salad.	Chicken Salad.	Hogs Head Cheese, Aspect Jelly.
Macadonia of Vegetables.			
ROAST.			
Beef.	Ribs of Beef.	Pork with Apple Sauce.	Mutton.
Venison with Cranberry Sauce.	Pig with Oyster Dressing.		Goose.
Turkey with French Dressing.		Duck.	Chicken.
ENTREES.			
Boston Baked Beans.	Baked Macaroni a la Italian.	Rolette of Beef.	
Teal Duck with Turnips.	Canvas Back Duck with Fine Herbs.		
Braised Hogs Head, Sour Sauce.	Sheep Tongues.	Ox Tongue, Tomato Sauce.	
Brisket of Lamb with Green Peas.	English Brisk Bats, Asper Jelly.		
Chicken Wings with Rice.	Fillet of Rice with Giblets of Fowl.		
Pate de Foiegras.	Ham, Champagne Glaze.	Macedonia of Fat Liver.	
Vestevilla of Buffalo Tongue.	Oyster Patties.	Sheared Oysters.	
Scalloped Oysters.	Deviled Ham.	Chicken Salad, Angoten Sauce	
Minced Chicken.	Minced Veal with Poached Eggs.	Mutton Hack.	
Calves Liver with Raspier of Salt Pork.	Dobed Beef, Alceeres.		
Alafordela Buffalo Steak, Frontier Style.	Bear Steak, Southern Style.		
Hamburg Steak.	Veal Pot Pie with Small Pastry.	Haracourt of Mutton.	
Brisket of Beef with Lobsters.	Braised Shoulder of Mutton		
Spare Ribs with Apple Sauce.	Pork Cansons.	Apple Fritters, Wine Sauce.	
Green Corn Fritters, Brandy Sauce.	Welsh Rarebit.		Brazed Heart.
Veal Cutlets with Vegetables.	Barbecued Pork.		Cromo of Rice.
Thimbles of Macaroni with Green Cheese.	Hogs Jullies with Craut.		
Gumbo a la de Fela.	Irish Stew.	French Toast.	
Prairie Chicken on Toast.			
VEGETABLES.			
Mashed Potatoes.	Green Peas.	Green Corn.	Beets.
Parsnips.	Fritters.	Hot Slaw.	Cold Slaw.
White Beans.		Brown Potatoes.	
Rice.			
RELISHES.			
Tomato Catsup.	Cheese.	Chow-Chow.	Cucumber Pickles.
Worcestershire Sauce.		Green Figs.	
Celery.			
DESSERT.			
Fruit Pudding, Frozen Sauce.	Delmonico Pudding.	Wine Sauce.	Cocoanut Pie.
Cranberry Pie.	Green Apple Pie.	Cream Pie a la Louis XIV.	
Larantut a la de Lornis.	Valabaunt of Green Gage.	a la Portago.	
Apples of Rice a la de Lornis.	Charlotte of Cocoanut.	Charlott de DeRuse.	
Blanc Mange.	Beverly Cream.	Rose Cream.	
Aspect of Orange.	Macedonia of Fruit.	Cranberry Jelly.	
Lemon Jelly.	Peach Marengue.	Boston Bells with Fritter Cream Sauce.	
Boston Cream Puffs.	Jelly Tarts.	Jenny Linds.	
Henry VIII Shoestrings.	Strawberry Whip.	Whik aux Fait.	
Wine Biscuit.	Brandy Cake.	Peach Cheese.	
Chocolate Mocha.	Fau Choinettis.	Fountain.	
Boiled Custard.			
PASTRY.			
Plain Cake.	Pound Cake.	Fruit Cake.	Jelly Cake.
Silver Cake.	Jelly Root.	Spice Cake.	Queen Cake.
Sponge Drops.	Brandy Jumbles.	Rosk Almonds.	Press Cake.
Lemon and Strawberry Glaze.	Chocolate Glaze.	Quarter Moons.	Almond Nuget.
Choc late Caromels.	Almond Caromels.	Citron Cake.	Sugar Cake.
Cocoanut Drops.	Egg Kisses.	French Kisses.	Tea Cake.
Nugget Candy.	Cocoanut Candy.	Plain Nugget.	Scotch Cake.
Roman Punch.			
Vanilla Ice Cream.			
COFFEE.			
TEA.			
CHOCOLATE.			

SHERIDAN HOUSE.

E. H. BLY, Proprietor.

MENU.

Soup.			
Oyster.	Chicken with Rice.		
Fish.			
Baked White Fish, Madeira Wine Sauce			
Cystrs.			
Scolloped		Raw	
Boiled.			
Corn Beef and Cabbage	Tongue Tomato Sauce	Turkey Oyster Sauce	
Leg of Mutton, Caper Sauce	Geo. R. Newell's Sugar Cured Hams		
Roasts.			
Ribs of Beef	Spare-ribs of Pork, Apple Sauce	Loin of Veal Boned and Stuffed	
Loin of Southdown Mutton,	Currant Jelly	Turkey, Cranberry Sauce	
Tame Goose, Irish Stuffing,	Apple Sauce	Tame Duck, Apple Sauce	
Game.			
Saddle of Venison, Cranberry Sauce	Roast Mountain Sheep, Apple Jelly		
Loin of Elk, Peach Jelly	Loin of Antelope, Cranberry Sauce		
Wild Goose, Apple Sauce	Roast Brandt, Cranberry Sauce		
Roast Prairie Grouse, Currant Jelly	Roast Prairie Chicken, Larded		
Vegetables.			
Mashed Potatoes	Boiled Potatoes	New Beets	Green Peas
Cold Slaw	Stewed Corn	Lima Beans	Hominy
Stewed Tomatoes			
Entrées.			
Queen Fritters, Sherry Wine Sauce	Oyster Patties, a la Francaise		
Fat Goose Livers, Breaded and Fried,	Tomato Sauce		
Arcade of Chicken, Larded, Mushroom Sauce			
Tenderloin of Beef, Larded a la Champignons			
Cold Dishes.			
Corn Beef	Mutton	Ham	Chicken Salad
Relishes.			
French Mustard	Chow Chow	English Pickles	Celery
Tomato Catsup			
Entrées of Small Pastry on Ornamental Stands.			
Cocoanut Jelly Tartlets	Apricot Puff Paste Tartlets	Marangue Tartlets	
Raspberry Marmalade Tartlets			
Large Ornamented Cakes.			
Pound Cake	Spiced Cake	Fruit Cake	Gold Cake
Savory Cakes	Brand Gouffers		Jelly Cake
Small Pastry.			
Sugar Jumbles	Sponge Drops	Lemon Cake	Brandy Drops
Eclairs a la Creme	Cocoanut Jumbles	Chocolate Eclairs	
Pies and Pudding.			
Fruit, a la Coburg, Royal Sauce	Semolina Pudding, a la Baden,		Brandy Sauce
Lemon Pie Frosted	Cranberry Pie		Green Apple Pie
Dessert.			
Chocolate Cream	Orange Flower Cream	Filberts	Brazil Nuts
Frozen Pineapple Sugar	English Walnuts	Raisins	
Almonds			
Pecans			
Miscellaneous.			
Macedonia of Fruits	Grapes	Apples	Pears
Peach Charlotte	Port Wine Jelly	Raspberry Jelly	
Green Tea.	Strawberry	Marengue	
Black Tea.	Black Tea.	Coffee	



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